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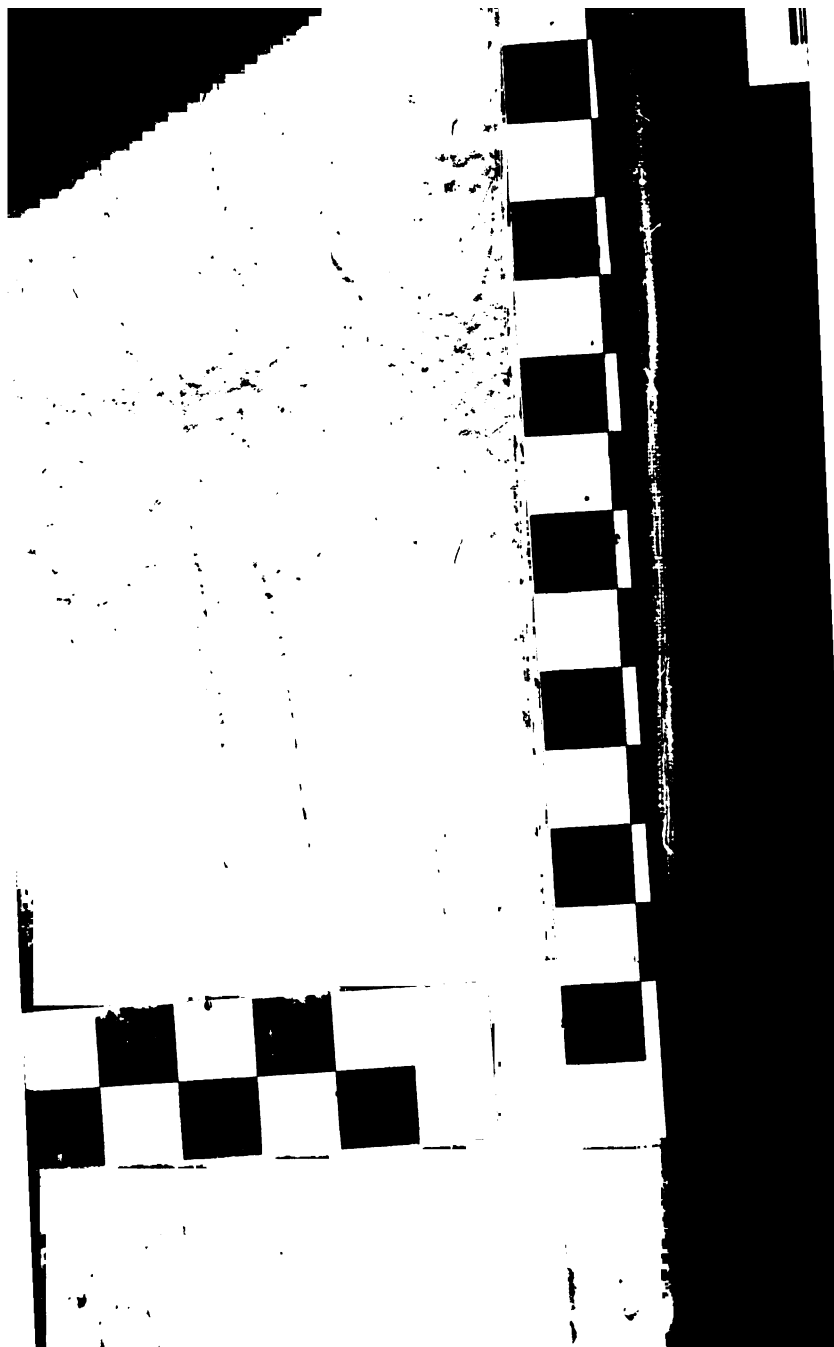
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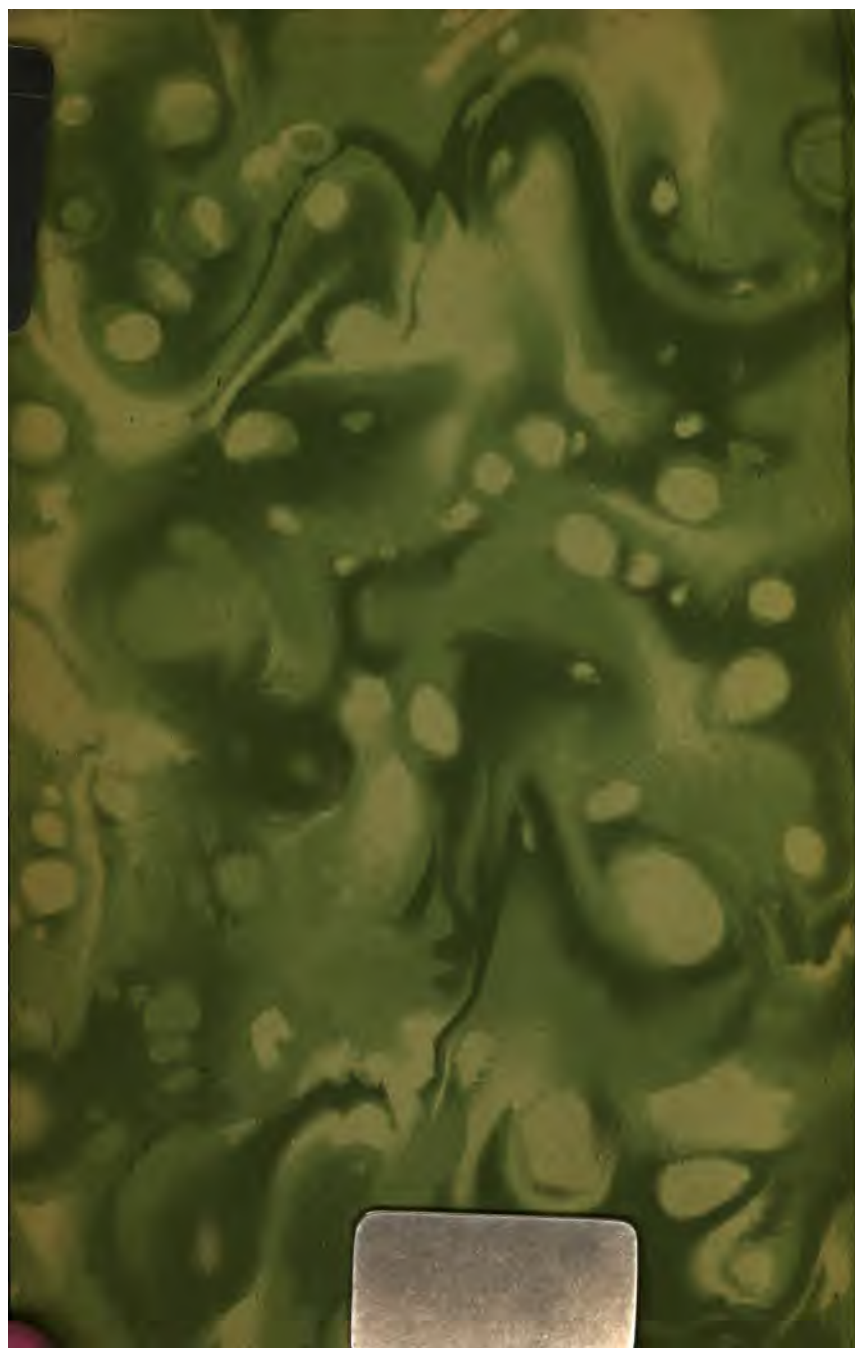


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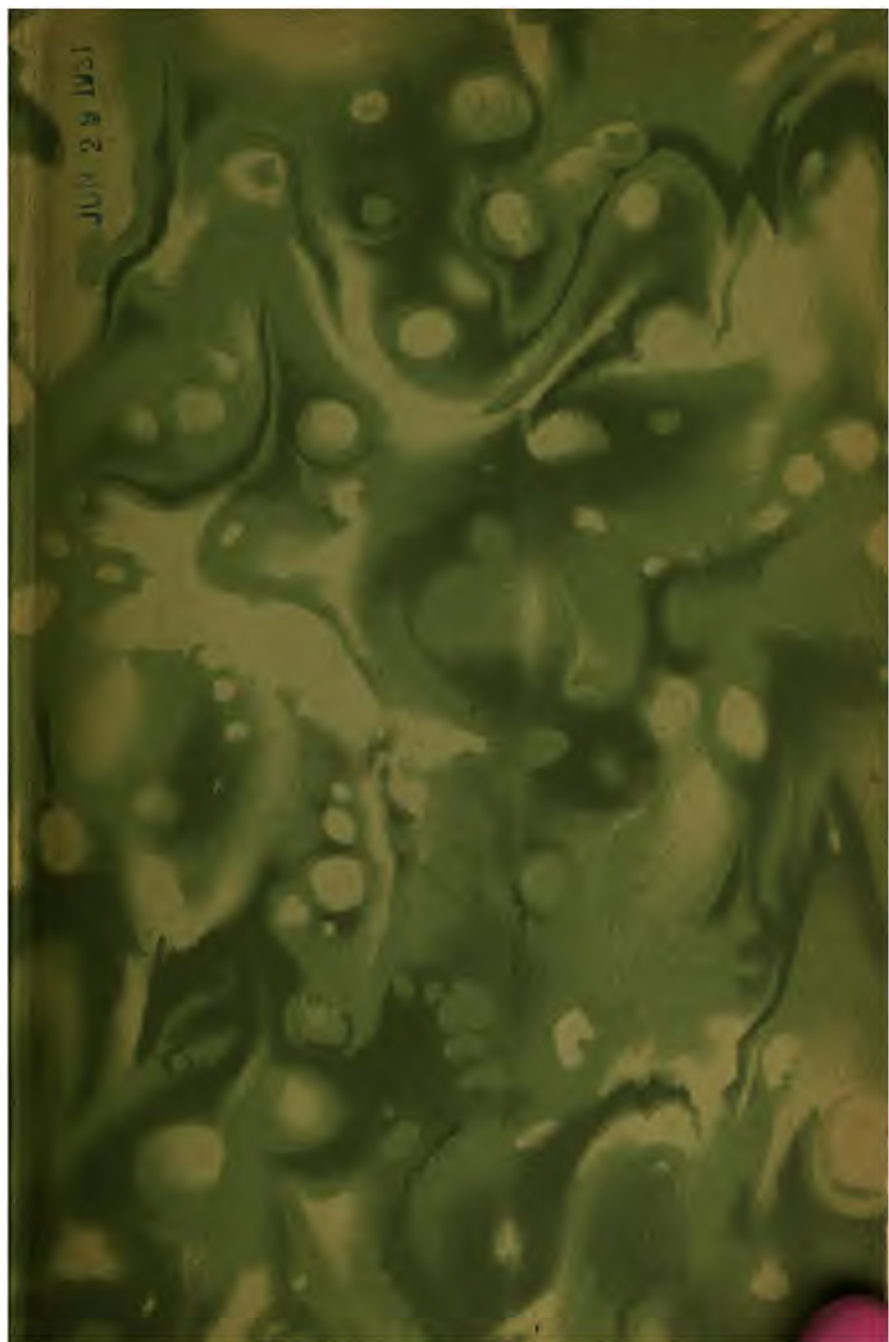


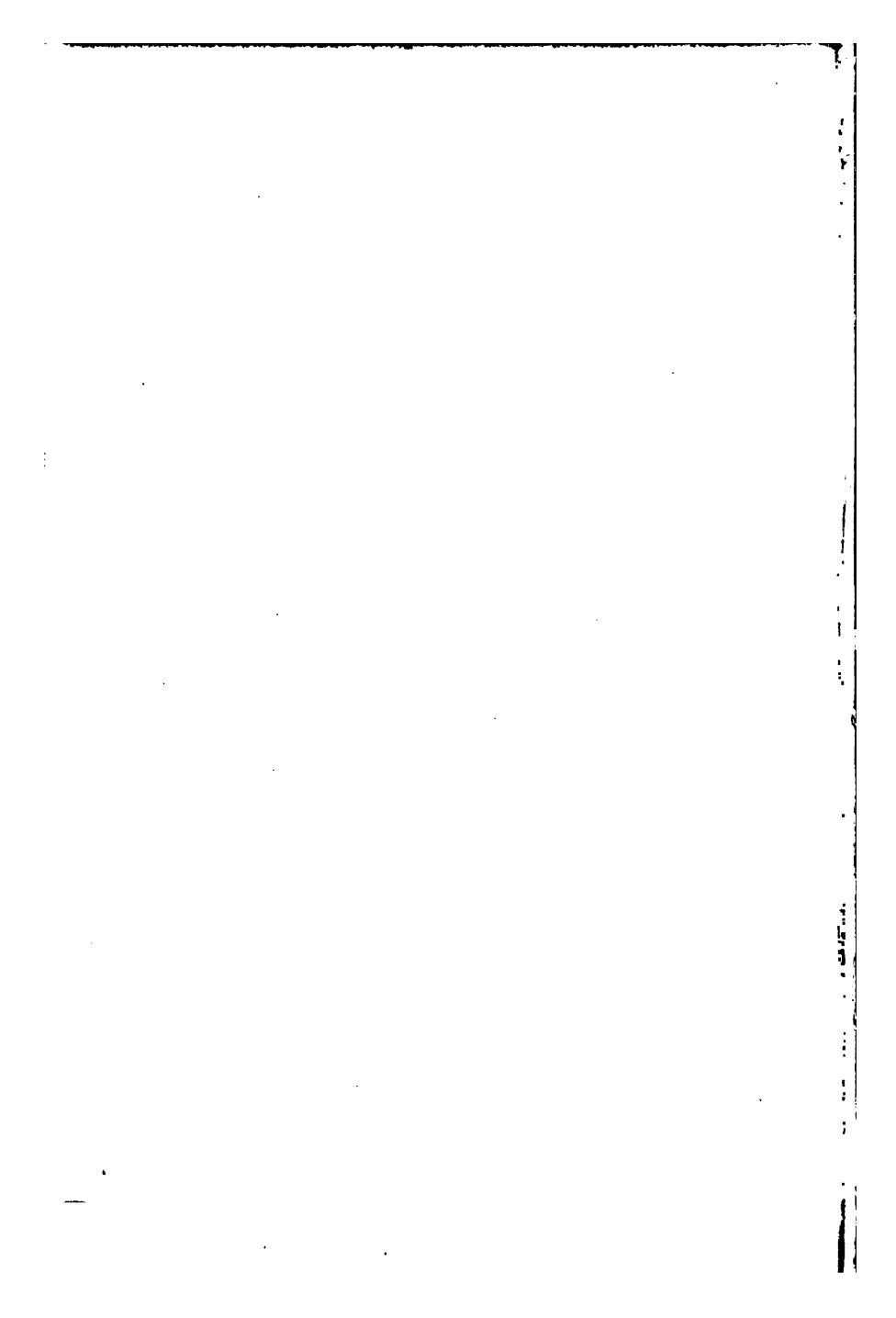
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HAWN  
*selections*  
Book Six



JUN 2 1951





# HAWN COURSE *in* PUBLIC SPEAKING *for Self Instruction*

HENRY GAINES HAWN

*Orator, Lecturer,  
Author, Instructor*

*Dedicated to all men  
and women who feel  
the call of Progress*



*selections*

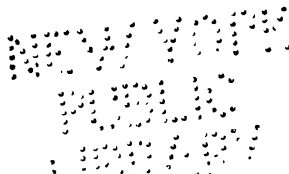
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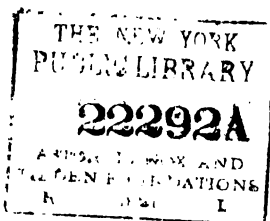


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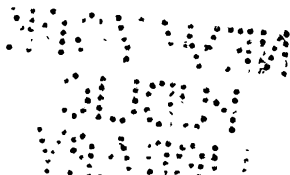


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## FOREWORD

**T**HE Hawn Course in Public Speaking has taken the speaker through all the technical and theoretical phases of the subject. He has learned the Fundamentals and Elements of Speech in *Book One*—the use and varieties of Poise, Position and Gesture in *Book Two*—has analyzed model and Occasion Speeches in *Book Three*—has mastered the art of preparing his own speeches in *Book Four*—and has taken up the subject of Voice, English Enunciation and Pronunciation, etc., in *Book Five*.

Technically he has little more to learn, and the Course might well be considered complete, if it were not for the fact that the price of progress is continuous practice. This sixth and last book of the Course is a collection of modern discourses, which should be read as speeches, not as text. They will broaden and develop any speaker, and spur him to greater accomplishment. They are on modern topics that are uppermost in the minds of men; they give inspiration to the seeker after material for speeches, and at the same time serve as models for similar discourses. These selections have been carefully gleaned from the

spoken and written words of great thinkers and from addresses by prominent speakers. It is the kind of matter that a speaker should read often—in between times, or whenever he has a spare moment for mental development.

A careful study of the language used—grammatical construction, figures of speech, the employment of qualifying adjectives, etc., will give invaluable aid to the man who aspires to better things.

The addresses are grouped, according to subject matter, under the following heads:—

*Patriotism and Americanism.*

*Economics, Capital and Labor.*

*Religion and Ethics.*

*Intimate Topics.*

*National Forum Speeches.*

This last group comprises selections that have been prepared by the National Forum. Originally phonograph records of these speeches were made by the speakers who delivered the addresses, and it is probable that they may still be obtained from a dealer in Columbia Records, or direct from the National Forum, 102 West 38th Street, New York.

For the sake of differentiating these selec-

tions from mere literary articles, and to make them more easily available as actual speeches, we have marked the text of each for Pause, Emphasis and Climax. Pause is indicated by the dashes between the words, Emphasis by printing the emphatic words in *Italics*, and the main thought or Climax is printed in SMALL CAPS. Inflection and Gesture are not indicated as was the case in the book on *Occasion Speeches*, for it is to be presumed that the speaker has advanced sufficiently to decide for himself what Inflections and Gestures to use. These Fundamentals are, after all, variable and depend upon the individual taste of the speaker.

The italicized words are suggested for emphasis, but here again considerable latitude is permissible and the speaker is supposed to use his own judgment. A change of emphasis, like a change of inflection, often alters the meaning of a sentence.

A word of caution against too much emphasis may again not be out of place. A speech in which too many thoughts are emphasized or where the emphasis is too strong or explosive, becomes what a musician would call "staccato" and loses instead of gains in effect. Pause, too, requires attention. Many pauses might

be made correctly where none are indicated in the text. The speaker should be careful not to overdo it, or the speech will be "choppy" or halting.

It is suggested that the speaker read these discourses first as given and then repeat them with such additional pauses and emphases as the text seems to require according to his conception. The chapters on Emphasis, Pause and Inflection in Book One might well be re-read from time to time to increase familiarity with these fundamentals.

Gestures tend to induce freedom, therefore in working on the delivery of these discourses the speaker could over-gesture slightly to guard against constraint. They should not be overdone, however. Simplicity of Gesture as opposed to affectation should prevail. Personal Gestures, which are usually awkward and meaningless, should always be avoided.

Moderation is better than a superabundance in everything. Nothing is more wearisome to an audience than a violent delivery with over-forceful motions of the arms and body. Even when the Gesture is significant and expressive, a little will be better than too much. A single expressive gesture produces a better



effect than a dozen that are out of keeping with the sentiment expressed.

Native Americans as well as Aliens;—those imbued with the spirit of American Institutions, as well as those who have not yet absorbed our ideals, will find much in these discourses to encourage, to inspire and to fill them with the faith and purpose which are the basis of true patriotism.

It will be noted that the entire tendency of the Hawn Course is not only to make a better speaker, but a better American and a better man.

One word in parting: Practice is better than theory, and conscientious exercise is worth more than rules and precepts. No knowledge of principles, no study of models will make a good speaker of anyone, without practice. As with the muscles of the body, so with the faculties of the mind—nothing but exercise develops vigor and strength.

A successful speaker must, first of all, have something to say—the mental agility to clothe his thoughts in proper language, and finally the ability to deliver his thoughts in a way that will hold his hearers and convince them of his sincerity. Success in these three things makes an acceptable orator. If you

really are determined to be a success you must know what to do, what not to do and how to put that which you have learned to practical use. It is the object of the Hawn Course to make you proficient in all of these things. The author has done his part. Have you done yours?

### *Acknowledgment*

THE addresses signed with the initials, "A. G. S.," are speaking material by Mr. Arthur G. Staples, of Lewiston, Me. They were printed originally in the Lewiston Evening Journal; later, in book form under the title of "*Just Talks on Common Themes.*" We acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Staples for his kind permission to reproduce them here.

Our thanks are also due to the publishers of "*Notable Speeches by Notable Speakers, in the Far West,*" and to the publishers of "*Literary California*" for permission to use many of the speeches appearing in those publications:—also to the National Forum for the use of its political speeches and to the many individual writers whose excellent discourses we have here reproduced.

PART I  
PATRIOTISM *and* AMERICANISM

'A TOAST *to the* FLAG

**I** GIVE you to-day a *Toast*—to the Flag of our *Country*—the Flag that has set the whole world *free*.—

I give you this Flag, with all its *history*.—The Flag of the first republic on earth to make the People superior to the *State*—and to declare that all *white men* are free and equal—under the law.—The first Flag to cleanse its folds from the dark stain of human *slavery*,—in the blood of its *heroes*.—The first Flag to sail the seas, free and *unmolested*.—The first Flag to go journeying forth,—across the broad prairies beyond the *Mississippi*,—to ripple forth in all its glory from the lofty,—snow-clad peaks of the *Rockies* and to blazon in the sunshine of the great Northwest along the trail of Fremont and *Clark*.—The first Flag to float over enfranchised *Cuba* and *Hawaii*, *redeemed*.—The first Flag to greet the silent dawn in the vast, interminable wastes of the North *Pole*.—

I give you this Flag,—with all its *symbols*.—Its red, as of the blood of heroes,—living and *dead*,—who have loved it and *defended* it.—Its blue, as of the sheen of the restless *seas*,—that encompass and *protect* it.—Its white, as of the clear *day*;—the union of all of the colors of the *spectrum*;—the peaks of her transcendent *mountains* and the drifting snows of her prairie *wastes*.—Aye!—*White—clear thru*.—The Flag that reached into the *Heavens*;—plucked the field of azure and the stars for *symbols* and then set the American Eagle above it,—to watch,—with tireless and searching *eye*,—that not a star be dimmed or *desecrated*.—

I give you *this* Flag, with all its hopes and *prayers*;—its *Faith* and *Purpose*.—The *bright* Flag;—the *cheerful* Flag;—the *undying*,—the *courageous*—and the *merciful* Flag.—The Flag, that *rose* triumphant from the sea, where the *Lusitania* went *down*.—The *Flag* that flung its protecting folds over the *widowed*,—the *fatherless*—and the *homeless* in stricken *Belgium*.—The Flag that would not yield a single *foot* in the terrible storm of *St. Mihiel*,—but ever *advanced*!—The Flag that has limned the face of the pitying *Christ*,—triumphant yet sorrowful in the work of

*Mercy*—where the wounded and the dying lay in long rows amid the gathering shadows of the *night*.—The Flag that the little children of the world *love* and do not fear.—The Flag that spells a *new-found liberty* to the oppressed of *all* lands.—The Flag that has never touched the *ground* or been set beneath the feet of *Tyrant—Hun or Unspeakable Turk*.—

I give you, Americans,—the world over—our *Flag!*—THE FLAG OF A FREE PEOPLE.—THE FLAG OF AN UNDYING UNION OF SOVEREIGN STATES—JOINED TOGETHER IN THE YET GREATER SOVEREIGNTY OF A NATION.—I give you this Flag, with its *history*,—its *achievement*,—its *ideals!*—The Flag of the *United States of America*.—A. G. S.

### *The HEART of AMERICA*

WHAT a *wonderful* and *beautiful* thing this history of America *is*,—how full of the eternal hoping and *strivings* of man,—how shot through, in all its desperate *sordidness*,—with the *noblest aspirations* yet known to any *nation*.—How pitiable yet *fine*—that complacent optimism of the *middle* period,—when it was hoped that slavery might be rocked to sleep—in the bosom of a *compro-*

*mise*,—how pathetic the lost youth of those *boys* and *girls* who danced in many a mansion hall on the eve of that *other* great calamity,—under the impending gloom of that *other* great war,—how utterly sad those visions and forebodings—with which *Lincoln* walked the corridors of the White House by *night*.—

Settlers are pouring over the mountains into *Ohio*,—over the Cumberland road into *Kentucky*,—river men are floating down the Allegheny on their *rafts*,—singing barbaric *songs*,—the great freight wagons plunge across *river* and *plain*,—the eyes of pioneers strain *westward* for the pinnacles of the *Sierras*,—immigrants,—*dumb*,—expectant,—take off their hats to Liberty in New York harbor,—a million *hopes*—a *hundred million* hopes—merge, in the perspective,—into one, and *this is America*.—One man's life spans so *much*.—We go,—the nation like the *individual*,—from sorrow to *sorrow* and from joy to *joy*;—in one great solemn procession march the slain youth of *Gettysburg*,—*Antietam*—and the *Wilderness*,—and of Chateau *Thierry*,—the *Argonne*—and the banks of the *Meuse*.—

What is *America*?—A *continent*?—A *constitution*?—A *government*?—A *history*?—It is *none* of these.—It is a *striving*,—an *expecta-*

tion,—an indomitable will for *freedom* and *equality*,—betrayed in one generation after another,—the sport of politicians and *financiers*,—the mockery of the *Philistines*,—the bugaboo of elderly gentlemen in clubs sipping *wine*,—yet to the glory of humanity persisting year after year,—and in the face of the slings and arrows of outrageous *fortune*,—struggling on.—

THE HEART BEATS HIGH AND THE SOUL UNCOVERS WHEN THAT AMERICA PASSES BY. *Washington* is of it,—and *Jefferson*,—and old, rough *Andrew Jackson*,—and *Henry Clay*,—and mournful *Lincoln*,—and the college professor from *Princeton*,—with his cold fury of resolution—and his strange, unhappy *isolation*,—and many another whose heart was with the men, but whose memory is *dust*.—America is an innumerable company of *adventurers*,—going down through the ages,—keen eyed,—wary,—eyes on the ranges ahead,—through the wilderness *trails*.—America is no *possession*,—but a thing *unsalable*,—and the best is always over the next *divide*.—*Robt. L. Duffus*.

## AMERICANISM

In the long,—upward—struggle of the human race for individual *liberty*,—every form

and variety of government has been *tried*,—finally culminating in the happy success of American *patriots*—in establishing in a newly discovered *land*—a government based not upon the rights of *rulers*,—but upon the rights of *man*,—and for which no possible abiding-place could have been found in all the world as it had heretofore been *known*.—Upon this new and broad domain in the *wide*,—free spaces of a land of unknown *limits*,—old theories were *overthrown*—and a new principle *enunciated*,—that upon foundations where liberty and law find equal *support*,—a government could be maintained,—not by the power of standing *armies*,—or the might of floating *navies*,—but by the willing support of an enlightened,—free—and patriotic *people*.

Warned by the wrecks of the *past*,—they liberated religion from bondage to the temporal *power*,—separated church from *state*,—and blotted from the statute books the crimes of non-conformity.—THEY QUENCHED THE FIRES THAT PERSECUTION HAD KINDLED,—PREVENTED THE ENACTMENT OF ANY LAW TO COMPEL ADHERENCE TO A SPECIFIED FORM OF WORSHIP,—disestablished churches and removed religious *disabilities*;—abolished all forced contributions to the maintenance of ecclesiastical *authority*;



—gave equal *protection* to every form of religious *belief*—and restrained forever the power of the government from being enlisted against the adherents of any sect or *creed*,—protecting with equal impartiality the mosque of the *Musselman*—and the altar of the fire-worshiper,—the church of the *Protestant*,—the Jewish *synagogue* and the *Roman Cathedral*.—The result has been the absolute triumph of disenthralled *humanity*.—*M. T. Dooling*.

## OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENTS

The attribute of the human *race*—that has most distinguished it in all times and in all *ages*,—is respect for its ancestors and hope for its *posterity*.—The generation that shows little respect for the history,—teachings,—and *precepts*,—the fame and memory, of its *ancestors*,—is a generation *deserving* to be,—and *likely* to be,—forgotten and despised by posterity.—Respect for those that have *preceded us*,—hope for those that are to *follow*,—are the characteristics that tend to elevate mankind above the *beasts*,—and ally humanity nearest to the *gods*.—Without this influence prevailing in a *controlling degree*,—nothing good could long *survive*;—no evil could be *destroyed*.

Of the men nominated by the Republican party—and elevated to the office of President of the United *States*,—three have been,—during their terms of office,—*assassinated*. These three men—*Lincoln*,—*Garfield*,—and *McKinley*—were peculiarly the type and character of men that,—even from an *assassin's* point of view,—did not *justify* assassination.—Each had been advanced from the ranks of toil by the suffrages of his *countrymen*.—Each,—in his *own* way,—but in an unusual *degree*,—was *kind*,—*considerate*,—*loving*,—*gentle*,—and *forgiving*.—It is true that during the administration of Abraham *Lincoln*—the country was engaged in one of the most fearful and lamentable wars that ever afflicted *any* people.—But what could have better illustrated the *man*,—his *real* spirit and love of peace,—than the closing words of his first inaugural *address*?

“In *your* hands,—my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen,—and not in *mine*,—is the momentous issue of *civil war*.—The government will not *assail* you;—you can have no conflict—without being yourselves the *aggressors*.—YOU HAVE NO OATH REGISTERED IN HEAVEN TO DESTROY THE GOVERNMENT;—WHILE I SHALL HAVE THE MOST SOLEMN ONE TO ‘PRESERVE,—

PROTECT,—AND DEFEND IT.' ” — *Frank H. Short.*

## OUR UNTIMELY DEAD

If *this* people—and this *nation*—had existed only to give birth to *Abraham Lincoln*,—each would have *justified* its existence.—So long as *history* shall endure,—he will stand as an unanswerable *contradiction* to all who claim or assume that *rank* or *station*,—*opportunities*,—or even special *preparation*,—are essential to the greatest usefulness and *success* in a position of the greatest possible responsibility and *honor*.

No civilized man ever came into the world in greater loneliness or *poverty*.—He was born upon the *border*,—and grew up along the ragged edges of *civilization*.—without schools, or *churches*,—except of the poorest and the *rudest*,—wholly without the suppressed broadening influences of *travel*,—knowing only the advantages of that university of the *outside world*,—that college common to all of the American *people*,—he showed himself the equal in *skill*,—*patience*,—*endurance*,—and true *statesmanship* of any man of any age or *country*.—When others,—whose radical and

sectional course had brought the country to the verge of war and *separation*,—recoiled in alarm from the responsibility of the danger they had *created*,—he alone of *all* the leaders never *faltered*.

In all that pertained to the bonds of affection that should have united his distracted *countrymen*,—in the memories of the *past*,—in the common interest of *all*,—in everything that tended toward *peace* and to avert *war*,—he was vine and *flower*.—But in the performance of his duty as he *saw* it,—in his adherence to his official *oath*,—in the preservation of the Union as he *found* it,—he was *rock* and *oak*.—In simplicity,—in high *character*,—in the possession of that characteristic we call humanity of human *nature*,—he was the greatest character of all *history*.—Many of the great orations of the world have been *preserved*.—Two of these are each,—many times over,—*shorter* than any of the others.—Both of these were productions of *Lincoln*,—his second *inaugural* and his Gettysburg *address*.

Lincoln belonged to the rare class of statesmen who are willing to *sow*—that others may *reap*.—In his administration we lost hundreds of *thousands* of our bravest and best *sons*.—One-half of the shipping commerce of the

country blocked the other until *both* were destroyed.—Our great agricultural resources were laid in ruins over nearly half of the *country*.—The national debt *multiplied*—and grew into *hundreds of millions*.—Neither *he*—nor his immediate *generation*—was permitted to harvest the results of their sacrifice and *loss*.—In the estimation of many alleged statesmen of *to-day*,—the man who would sacrifice so much for a mere *principle*—should not be recognized as a *statesman*.—But none of these same men would *dare* question the wise statesmanship of *Abraham Lincoln*.—

GREED AND AVARICE MUST HAVE THEIR REWARD TODAY,—BUT TRUTH AND HONOR,—UNDISTURBED,—AWAIT THE VERDICT OF POSTERITY —AND THE COMING OF GOD ALMIGHTY'S OWN AND BETTER TOMORROW.—Abraham Lincoln was the chief figure in the *fiercest* and the most *unrelenting* struggle that ever divided the people of *any* country.—While in all things he was *unyielding* in the preservation of the Union,—struggling always toward the *light*,—and always to do the right as *God* gave him to *see* the right,—no man was ever more *resolute*, — *firm*, — and *determined*, — yet no man was ever more *kind* and generous,—sympathetic and *forgiving*.—His greatest love was

his love of *truth*.—His only enemies were the enemies of his *country*.—He recoiled with aversion and gentleness from offending *any* person.—He would oppose and offend *all mankind* in defense of a *principle*.—And so it has come to be true that he is beloved by *all men—everywhere*;—his greatness grows with the receding *years*,—for us and for all future generations.—*Frank H. Short.*

### WILLIAM MCKINLEY

William *McKinley*,—it seems but yesterday that he was *with us*,—the leader of *leaders*,—and the controlling force in all our great and momentous struggles with the problems that oppressed and *veiled* us then,—and will continue to engross the attention of *succeeding* generations.—

Many a *man*,—wise in his *own* conceit,—scoffing at the faith of his *fathers*,—and ridiculing the custom of his *ancestors*,—might easily discover a needed rebuke in the life and death of William *McKinley*.—

The assassination of President McKinley was as atrocious as any act could possibly *be*.—All his life he had been a *kind* man,—striving not to give offense to *any one*,—and to work

no injury even to his *enemies*.—His chief purpose in life seemed to be to labor from *day to day*—for the *peace*,—*prosperity*,—and *well-being* of his people;—to harvest for them *to-day*,—with as little loss and sacrifice as *possible*,—the greatest possible return for their labor and *industry*.—He was apparently entirely without *malice*.—He was a guest at a great national *exposition*—exemplifying *peace*, comity, and *commerce*.—With democratic simplicity he mingled with his *fellow-citizens*.—Himself *childless*,—he loved the patter of little *feet*—and the prattle of childish *voices*.—He stood with his hands on the head of a sweet and smiling *child*,—looking for a moment with love and *tenderness* on her innocent *face*.—It was *thus*—and at this *moment*—that a *mis-born*,—calloused human *brute*—found it in his depraved nature,—not in his *heart*,—he could not have *had* a heart,—to shoot him to *death*.—No act ever exceeded in *atrociousness* the “deep damnation of his *taking off*.”—

Looking back over his life—his untimely and inexplicable *assassination*,—reverting to the history of our *country*,—in which he played so large a part,—OBSERVING ALL THE MIRACLES OF WAR AND PEACE AND PROGRESS—THAT HAVE BEEN WROUGHT,—WE SAY,—SURELY, “IT IS GOD’S WILL AND WAY.”

Let us hope that it shall be God's will and way—that those we mourn as our untimely *dead*,—with others whose worth and service have adorned the history of our country to such a *degree*—that,—having passed *beyond*,—and *above* us,—they belong to our country and to *mankind*;—shall from the battlements above forever look down upon the nation and the people that they served and loved *so well*,—and may they ever see their countrymen *free*,—*equal*,—and *untrammelled*,—and this nation moving on its destined and designed *course*,—that,—*seeing*,—they may know that they *lived* not,—*labored* not,—neither *died*,—in vain.—*Frank H. Short.*

### TRIBUTE to the AMERICAN FLAG

To no man worthy of the *name*—is there an object on earth more dear than the flag of his *country*.—In every *age*—and in every *clime*—it has been the inspiration of the loftiest *endeavor*—and of the most ennobling *self-sacrifice*.—It makes an enthusiast of the *cynic*;—it sobers the drunkard in his *brawl*;—it makes a coward *brave*.—It is strong enough to separate friend from *friend*,—to sunder the closest ties of family and *home*,—to make a widow of the *wife*,—to rob the maiden of her *lover*.—



From out the hatreds and contentions and wars of the *past*,—history has preserved many an incident of *heroism* inspired by a nation's *flag*—to warm the heart of *patriotism*.—*Banners*—devoid of *beauty*,—representing *little*—beyond the cause of some petty *dynasty*,—often stirred men's souls to *action*.—And if this be true of the grotesque rags of *antiquity*,—what shall be claimed for a flag whose every *color*,—whose every *device*,—whose every *thread*,—and whose every *stitch*—is full of *meaning*?—We need not seek far afield for an instance in our modern *world*.—

In this *age*,—when commercial aggrandizement would sometimes seem to be the *sole* motive of human effort,—when we are cynically told that a due regard for the security of government *three-per-cents*,—coupled with a willingness to take *six-per-cents* where the security is *not* so good,—has done more to promote the cause of *civilization* than the examples of all the saints and all the *sages*,—in this *age*,—almost *yesterday*,—and at our very *doors*,—has been performed an act of *heroism*,—the memory of which should live as long as the world goes spinning down the *ages*.—

Early on the 15th of *March*,—1889,—there rode peacefully at anchor in the little

harbor of *Apia*,—in *Samoan Islands*,—seven men-of-war,—the American *Trenton*, *Van-dalia*, and *Nipsic*,—the German *Eber*, *Olga*, and *Adler*,—the British corvette *Calliope*,—and a small fleet of *merchantmen*.—In front of them lay the outer *coral-reef*, that skirted the island like one of Saturn's *rings*,—and *behind* them,—first the *inner reef*—and then the *shore* and a wilderness of waving *cocoanut-palms*.—Suddenly,—the falling of the barometer heralded the advent of the dreaded hurricane of the *South Seas*.—Steadily the barometer *fell*,—until all the war-ships,—heeding the *warning*,—sent down their top-gallant-masts,—housed their *topmasts*,—and lashed the lower yards on the *rail*.—Every ship had steam up and every anchor ready to let *go*.—By evening the storm had broken upon the *fleet*—and every vessel had out her *storm-anchors*,—some of them as many as *five*.—By midnight a furious *hurricane* leaped down upon the little harbor,—and continued its rage till one hundred and forty-five brave men had *perished*,—till *every* merchantman was *lost*, and till every man-of-war but *one* was gone,—four being totally wrecked upon the *reefs*—and two driven maimed and disabled upon the *shore*.—

The *Trenton* was now the only remaining

ship *afloat*.—Hers had been an *awful* fight in the outer *harbor*.—All the previous night she had steamed ahead when *possible*,—to aid the tension on three sheet-*anchors*.—The tugging and wrenching of this gigantic mass of four thousand *tons*—plunging and rolling on the cables—had been *frightful*.—By *morning*,—her rudder was carried *away*,—torn asunder by a piece of floating *wreckage*. In this helpless *condition*,—great floods of water began to pour in through the hawse-pipes upon the berth-decks—and down the hatches into the *fire-rooms*.—The crew worked like *demons* at the pumps and buckets to save the *fires*.—Every hatch on the spar and gun deck had been *battered down*.—They plugged up the hawse-*pipes*,—but the wild force of waters tore the moorings *away*.—The firemen were serving the boilers,—waist-deep in *water*,—and by ten o'clock the last fire had been *drowned out*.—The crew rushed to the rigging,—hoisting a storm-sail on the mizzen,—and ran up the *Stars and Stripes* to the gaff.—

All day long our brave boys fought to save that *ship* and *flag*.—Despite their heroic maneuvering with the storm-*sails*,—foot by foot the tempest crowded the Trenton with her dragging anchors toward death and *destruc-*

tion,—and as *night* began to descend,—parted her last remaining *chain*,—and hurled her broadside toward the *reef*.—Their *rudder* gone,—their *fires* gone,—their *anchors* gone—the *flag* still floated at the gaff.—They stopped to give *three cheers* to their comrades of the wrecked *Vandalia* dying in the *rigging*,—and *then*—when all hope had *vanished*—the poor boys of the band took their *stand*,—and beneath a *foreign* sky,—with their country's *flag* above them,—flinging its defiance to the *gale*,—as their ship went down into the yeast of her yawning *grave*—with their dying *breaths*—they played "*The Star-Spangled Banner*."—

THE BANNER THAT INSPIRED THAT ACT HAS ON ITS FOLDS NO SINISTER DESIGN,—BODES NO ILL TO ANY PORTION OF THE HUMAN RACE.—IT WILL BLESS ANY PEOPLE OVER WHOM IT MAY EVER FLOAT.—In any cause for the good of *humanity*,—it will ever be found "*full high advanced*."—It symbolizes all that is *best* in the national life of a *great* and *mighty* people.—Emblem of the true and the *brave*!—All its red is for *liberty*,—all its white for *equality*,—all its blue for *fraternity*,—and all its stars for the highest *hopes*—and tenderest *fears* and noblest *aspirations* of every lover of the good and the true and the *beautiful*,—of every soul

that makes for *righteousness*,—in every *class*,—of every *creed*,—and every *color*,—this wide world 'round,—among all the sons of *men*.—*John F. Davis.*

### *The GENIUS of AMERICA*

Our light cannot be *hid*.—As for *me*,—I *dare* not, I *will* not,—be false to *freedom*!—Where in youth my feet were *planted*,—there my manhood and my age shall *march*.—I will walk beneath her *banner*.—I will glory in her *strength*.—I have *seen* her,—in *history*,—struck down on a hundred chosen fields of *battle*.—I have seen her friends *fly* from her;—I have seen her *foes* gather around her;—I have seen them bind her to the *stake*;—I have seen them give her ashes to the *winds*,—regathering them,—that they might scatter them yet more *widely*.—But when they turned to *exult*,—I have seen her again meet them face to *face*,—clad in complete *steel*,—and brandishing in her strong right *hand* a flaming *sword*—red with insufferable *light*!—And I take *courage*.—THE GENIUS OF AMERICA WILL AT LAST LEAD HER SONS TO FREEDOM!—*Anonymous.*

## WASHINGTON

All the resources of lofty and loving *eloquence*—have been exhausted in vain attempts to portray the rounded greatness and the genius for *war* and *government*—of the “Father of his *Country*.”—Oratory has paid its *tribute* to his civic *virtues*;—poetry has laid its immortal wreath upon his *brow*;—scholarship has sought to sound the depths of his practical *wisdom*,—and patriotism has striven to express its *admiration*,—its *gratitude*,—and its love for the character,—the services,—and the legacy—of George *Washington*.

His fame *increases*; it grows with the flight of *years*. A century has come and gone since he closed his eyes in eternal *sleep*;—but he *lives*—lives in the government he *founded*,—lives in the principles he *enunciated*.

As military *leader*,—history—the *disinterested*,—the *dispassionate*, judgment of men—has fixed his *place*.—*Alexander*,—*Hannibal*, *Caesar*,—*Napoleon*,—*Wellington*—each has his *champions*,—some their *idolators*; but,—all things *considered*,—the times,—the places,—the circumstances,—the mighty opposing *foe*,—the small *resources*,—difficulties *overcome*,—dangers *removed*,—victory *achieved*,—*thus* measured,—Washington takes his

rightful place at the very *head* of military genius,—and there he will remain *forever*.—

I need not dwell on his *military* life and achievements.—You know them by *heart*,—from Boston to *Yorktown*,—and I would hasten to consider Washington *other* than as a *soldier*.—But, with our minds fixed for a moment on the tragedy and triumph of *battle*,—there is one continuing fact which patriotism loves to *mention*,—and may be pardoned for mentioning, at *any* time,—on *any* occasion,—and *that* glorious fact *is*,—that the *flag* of our country,—first lifted to heaven by *Washington*,—has been carried in victory from the days of the *Revolution* to this *very hour*,—from *Yorktown* to *Santiago*,—*never* knowing defeat,—and blessing alike the victor and the *vanquished*.—

It is easier to *gain* liberty than to *maintain* it;—it is easier to *win a battle*—than to *found a state*.—To use the thoughtful and beautiful words of Charles *Sumner*,—“*Gaining* liberty is not an end,—but a *means* only,—a means of securing justice and *happiness*,—the *real* end and aim of states,—as of every human *heart*.”—The thirteen colonies were in fact *one* people,—and in their international relations *one nation*.—But in *other* respects—in an interstate,

—*constitutional* sense—they were so many separate *sovereignities*.—

One by *one*—the several “free,—sovereign,—and independent *states*”—formally ratified these articles of *Confederation*,—and the canon—in the yard of Independence Hall—announced to the world the “*glorious compact*”—on the first day of March, 1781.—It was indeed a *glorious compact*,—and gloriously did our fathers *triumph* under it.—

The treaty of peace was signed at *Paris* on September 3, 1783.—The military duties of Washington were *performed*.—His country was *free*.—

However much the world may praise Washington for his *military* achievements,—whatever of imperishable luster his genius shed upon our *arms*,—he rendered a *greater* and more *valuable* service to liberty—when as *presiding officer*,—he guided and controlled in large measure the deliberations of the Federal *convention*.—But for his conservative views and conciliating *nature*,—but for the confidence the delegates had in his spotless *integrity*—and self-denying *patriotism*,—but for his calmness and coolness and *patience*,—his proved devotion to his *country*,—his practical *wisdom*,—and his consequent influence over



the minds and hearts of his *associates*,—we now know that the convention would have dissolved in *strife*—and broken up in a quarrel,—and that the attempt to form a “more *perfect union*”—would have ended in lamentable *failure*.—Debate was *animated*,—interests *clashed*,—jealousies *existed*,—and rivalry *contended*,—and all to *such* an extent that at times the convention was “scarce held together by the strength of a *hair*,”—but through those four months of *doubt* and *fear*—Washington sat,—*patient*,—*forbearing*,—and by the very form of moral grandeur allayed passion and molded antagonisms into *harmony*.

HOW SHALL WE EXPRESS OUR GRATITUDE TO WASHINGTON?—As without his *genius* our battle for independence would have probably been *lost*, as without his *counsel* the Philadelphia convention never would have agreed upon the *constitution*,—SO WITHOUT HIS INFLUENCE THAT GREAT INSTRUMENT OF GOVERNMENT,—OF LIBERTY UNDER LAW,—NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN RATIFIED BY THE PEOPLE.—To him, more than to any *other* man,—we owe the formation of our present *Union*;—without him, there would have been no common country to *live for*—or to *die for*;—without him, the flag of our hearts and *hopes*,—*your* flag,—

*my flag,—the flag of Jackson,—Scott,—and Grant,—of Dewey yonder at Manila,—of Shafter—there at Santiago,—the flag of un-numbered heroes whose blood has sanctified it,—without Washington,—the flag of this re-public would not be known and respected on every wave, honored and saluted in every port,—the symbol of our power,—the emblem of liberty under law.—Samuel M. Shortridge.*

### MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS

This day is consecrated to the nation's dead and living *soldiers*.—We come in *thankfulness*—matron and *maid*,—sire and *lad*—to scatter fragrant flowers on honored *dust*,—and for the martyrs—who sleep unknown—but not *un-wept*.—We come to grasp the hands of the surviving *heroes*—who responded to their country's cry of *anguish*—when the temple of liberty was *assailed* and her sacred altars *dese-crated*;—who endured the long,—weary *march*,—the cruel deprivations of the *camp*,—the fevered heat at *noon*—and the chilling cold of *night*;—who stormed the frowning heights where treason was *intrenched*,—and met upon a hundred *fields*—the brave but misguided *hosts*—that in madness and *folly*—sought to

destroy the edifice dedicated with the prayers and consecrated by the valor and blood of the patriot *fathers*,—who carried the tattered but *dear flag* of their *country*—through fire and *flood* and “valley and shadow of *death*.”—

But for the ones who answer *not*,—who sleep the dreamless sleep of *death*,—who died with the face of mother near their *hearts*,—the name of country on their *lips*,—what shall we *say*?—They cannot hear our *words*—nor see the offering of our *hands*,—they are *past* all battles,—all *marches*,—all *victories*,—all *de-feats*,—“on Fame’s eternal camping-ground their silent tents are *spread*,”—and the troubled drum disturbs their sleep no *more*.—And *yet*,—O, sacred shades of the unreplying *dead*,—we feel your presence *now*.—We hear the shot of Sumter that wakened all the *land*.—We see you coming down from the *mountains*, up from the *plains*, and marching away to *battle*,—leaving behind,—alas! forever,—faithful *wife*,—loving *children*,—aged *mother*,—venerable *father*.—We see you by the camp-fires dimly *burning*.—We see you in the cannon-smoke and hurricane of *war*.—We hear the command to *charge*,—which you *obey*,—how bravely,—with bosom *bared*—and parched and thirsty *lips*.—We see you wounded and *bleeding*.—

We see you in the hospitals of fever and *pain*.  
We see you again with your *regiment*,—with  
courage *undaunted*,—your love for home and  
flag *intensified*.—We see your comrades fall  
around you like flowers of spring cut *down*.—  
We see you *captured*—and hurried *away*.—  
We see you wasting in awful *dungeons*,—lan-  
guishing in prison-pens. We catch the faint  
accent of your *tongues*—as you murmur a  
prayer for your country—and for the *loved*  
ones—that come to you in your *dreams*.—We  
see you encounter *death* in the gaunt and  
hideous form of *starvation*—and quail *not*.—  
We see you *die!* Die for *what?*—Die for  
WHOM?—DIE FOR US AND GENERATIONS YET TO  
BE!

All *hail* to the saviors of this beloved *land!*—  
Humbly we lay our offerings on the *dead*.—  
Reverently we invoke the blessing of Almighty  
God on the declining years of the *living!*—

And so we bow before the heroes who saved  
our *country*;—we stand uncovered beside the  
graves of the *martyrs* who died in her sacred  
*cause*.—Peace and honor to the *living*; honor  
and peace to the *dead*.—*Samuel M. Shortridge.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From the view-point of *to-day*,—when our nation has reached a position of *might*,—*wealth*—and *power*—untold among the nations of the *earth*,—we strain our eyes backward through the perspective of forty *years* of achievement and *progress*,—never paralleled in all *history*,—and there,—upon the horizon of the *past*,—above the vapors and the clouds of passion and *prejudice*,—of hatred and sectional *strife*,—above the shock and *roar*,—the *carnage*,—the *agony*,—the devastation and desolation of fratricidal *war*,—all the world may *behold*,—emblazoned on the everlasting *heavens*,—the pure *personality*,—the magnificent *life*,—the sublime *achievements*, and the immortal *glory* of Abraham *Lincoln*.—

Abraham Lincoln was only *fifty-six* years old—when his tragic death removed him from the *world*;—and his great achievements were *accomplished*,—the mountain top of his career was *builded*,—in the last seven years of his *life*.—Lincoln was scarcely *known* outside the state of Illinois—until the year 1858.—What fame he had *before* 1858—was local. Till then,—he was not ranked among the great statesmen of the *nation*. —

When Lincoln was nominated for the

Presidency—at Chicago—on May 18, 1860,—he at once leaped into *prominence* as a factor in world *politics*.—When election-day was *past*,—and the result known for a *certainty*,—the elements of discord became,—if *possible*,—more agitated and *turbulent*,—and Lincoln found himself in the very *center* of a seething whirlpool of difficulty and *danger*.—*Then* it was that the storm which had been slowly gathereing year by *year*,—and decade after *decade*,—since the day of the adoption of the *constitution*,—burst in all its fury upon our devoted *land*.—

No need at *this* time to try to picture in detail the agony and *suffering* of the four long years of blood and iron which *followed*. —

The difficulties and dangers encountered by Abraham *Lincoln*—during his four years as President of the United *States*—have hardly,—if *ever*,—been equalled by the head of any government of a civilized land in the same space of *time*.—When he stood upon the Capitol steps at Washington on March 4, 1861,—and, raising his hand to *Heaven*,—solemnly swore to uphold the laws and constitution of the *United States*,—eight millions of his fellow-citizens—(*one-third* the population of the country)—were *antagonistic* to him and to his

*policy*,—and in insurrection against his *government*.—

Then a series of disasters and defeats pursued the Union *arms*,—in themselves more than enough to make the stoutest hearts *quail*,—and blanch with fear and apprehension the faces of the strongest friends of the *government*.

In the summer of 1863 the crisis *came*.—General Robert E. Lee,—at the head of his victorious *army*,—invaded Pennsylvania, but was met and mastered by Meade at *Gettysburg*.—The invasion of *Pennsylvania* marked the high tide of rebellion;—the blood-crested waves of war broke in *vain*—and spent themselves against the stone wall at *Gettysburg*,—and when Pickett and his twenty thousand of the chivalry of the *South* charging against the stubborn lines of *blue*—were hurled backward, —crushed and *broken*,—the storm-clouds *lifted*,—and the stars of hope gleamed out again over our stricken *land*.—COLUMBIA WAS BORN INTO A NEW LIFE OF FREEDOM,—AND THE “GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE,” WAS ESTABLISHED ON AMERICAN SOIL,—FIRM AS THE ROCK OF AGES!

The years of Lincoln’s toil and humble *en-*

*deavor*—rounded out and developed his life and *character*,—and made him strong and *resourceful*,—so that when in God's chosen time he was called to stand for human rights and human *liberty*,—even to stand within the fierce white light which beats upon the head of Columbia's uncrowned *kings*,—he came with a sympathy for the *hopes*,—the *needs*,—and the *aspirations* of the common *people*.—

No *other* country could have produced exactly such a man;—no *other* nation had a place for such a pure, gentle, noble *character*.—When he came to the leadership of the *nation* he was ignorant,—apparently,—of the science of *government*;—yet *no* man of modern times knew more about *statesmanship*,—or had more of the instincts of a *soldier*,—excepting the *cruelties*,—than he.—He studied statecraft for the sole purpose of protecting the *country*;—he made himself master of the science of *war* for the purpose of saving the *Union*.—His patriotism was not bounded by the opportunities his country *afforded* him,—but rather by what his country might do for *others*.—His religion began with a study of the life of *Christ*—and ended only in the hope of a life beyond the *grave*.—

To sum it *all*,—Lincoln's achievement and



triumph was, *first*,—to preserve the American *republic*,—next, to *lift up* millions of the lowly and downtrodden of the earth and to give to the image of the *Maker*—"carved in *ebony*"—the same *rights*,—the same *privileges*,—the same *opportunities*,—the same *equality* before the law,—enjoyed by his counterpart fashioned from ivory or *alabaster*.—

Lincoln's mission was to raise the standard of American *citizenship*,—advance our American *civilization* to higher and better *levels*,—and make more probable a better ultimate destiny for *all mankind*.—*Duncan E. McKinlay*.

## NATIONAL ISSUES

In a government such as *ours*,—where *Lazarus* and *Dives* elbow each other at the voting *booths*,—where the people make and enforce their *own* laws,—and where every citizen has a voice in governmental *affairs*,—the ballot-box must ever be the peaceful arbiter of conflicting *opinions* respecting public measures and public *policies*.—To the end that the will of the people may be wisely and intelligently *expressed*,—it is necessary that the voter should fully and completely understand the issues

which he is called upon to *determine*.—The press is a potent educator in this *behalf*.—It brings to the fireside of the man of *toil*,—as well as to the library of the *rich*,—a daily record of the world's *events*,—and spreads out before the voter the facts from which his conclusions must be *drawn*.—

But, *notwithstanding* the opportunities for enlightenment that lie on every hand,—it is well for us to come together *occasionally*,—to meet one another face to *face*,—and in friendly deliberation—discuss the vital questions that affect the welfare of the *state*,—and which at the ballot-box must engage our best and our most earnest *thoughts*.—In these discussions and *debates*,—however,—we should ever keep in mind the fact that we are all citizens of a common *country*, and that all honest and patriotic men have but one *hope*,—ONE PURPOSE,—ONE IDEAL,—IN VIEW,—AND THAT THE PEACE AND THE PROSPERITY OF THE NATION AND THE COMFORT AND THE HAPPINESS OF ITS CITIZENS.—*Anonymous*.

## LOYALTY *to the* NATION

On Memorial Day—our reflections are *not*,—and should *not* be, altogether *sad*.—True,—

the ceremony of decorating the graves of our dead *heroes* naturally superinduces a solemn and sorrowful vein of *thought*.—But having performed that sweet—sad *duty*,—and having met for these *subsequent* exercises,—our thoughts change and *expand*. As we recall the achievements of the Union army and *navy*—and contemplate the results of the *War*;—our emotions pass from sorrow to patriotic *pride*—and loyal *exaltation*.—

How the pulsations of our hearts *quicken*—as we remember the uprising of the loyal *North*—when the news was received that the flag had been fired upon at *Sumter*!—*Ah!*—the stirring *days*,—the heroic *deeds*,—the terrible *years*,—that followed!—In imagination we review the whole panorama of the mighty *struggle*.—Our spirits rise and *fall*—as we again note the incidents of victory or *defeat*.—Once more we exult over the final triumph of the Union *cause*.—Then,—how naturally on this *day*—do our thoughts and hearts turn to those heroes who led that victorious army of *American volunteers*.—

Why should we *not* be proud and *exultant*,—when we remember that chief among them was the *purest*,—the *wisest*,—and the *greatest* soldier of the age,—our illustrious commander,

*Grant?*—But our thoughts still *expand*,—our spirits rise still *higher*, as we dwell upon the future grandeur of the republic—which was saved by the triumph of the Union *army*.—Inspired by *such* thoughts,—by *such* memories,—by *such* emotions,—we again renew our loyal devotion to the *Union*—and to that *glorious flag*,—of which an eminent citizen of the republic has said:—“BEAUTIFUL AS A FLOWER TO THOSE WHO LOVE IT,—TERRIBLE AS A METEOR TO THOSE WHO FEAR OR HATE IT,—IT IS THE SYMBOL OF THE POWER,—AND GLORY,—AND HONOR OF MORE THAN A HUNDRED MILLION OF AMERICANS.”—*Henry C. Dibble*.

### MEMORIAL *to a* PUBLIC MAN

This ceremony would be *ceremony* only,—signifying *nothing*,—did we fail to *recall*,—and *consider*,—and take to *heart* some of the rich lessons of the *life* and the *death*,—that have deserved these *formalities*.—

In *this* government it is ordered that human liberty does not depend upon the favor of *men*,—for it has been anchored in the law,—which is *immortal*.—But here,—as in *all* the earth,—human *virtue*—and the qualities of *honor* and *fidelity*—are made to depend upon the

good example of men who have held them, above all things, *priceless* and *better* than life.—That these elements of character are to have perpetual succession in the world can be proved only in *one* way,—and *this* day is to be of record amongst the mass of *evidence*.—That *proof* is,—that the sensibilities of men are *quicken*ed—and their spirits are *lift*ed in the presence of the *upright* man—or in the contemplation of his *memory*,—and from him they never withhold the final *honors*, which are not the due of *station*,—but of character *only*.—

In our *free* society,—that man is *great* who always does his duty with clean *hands*.—It may fall to him to *command* or be *command*ed in battle.—Let him,—then,—be a *whole* man,—for his country expects her sons to be *heroes*,—and not *cowards*.—He may sit in judgment in the tribunals which construe the *law*.—Then let him remember that his function is the reflection of that of *Him*—who cometh to judge the quick and the *dead*,—and be *just*.—He may be a *lawmaker*,—a high function, which is,—amongst *men*,—the counterpart of what nature has done in the immeasurable spaces of the *universe*.—Then let the lawmaker *see* to it that the very fountain of *order*,—the

source of statutes,—shall be without *guile*.—If he be the *executor* of that law,—let him remember that what originates in *purity* must be administered in *justice*;—and if he be the power that is *higher* than these,—the *citizen*,—may he remember that a vestal *ballot*,—unbought and *unbribed*,—is the very *scripture* of liberty,—*inspired* by it and *preservative* of it.

In those governments which are *unlike* ours,—greatness is often achieved by means that would be *repugnant* to the American conscience.—A ruler expects that his stature in history will be measured by the truculence of his *policy*,—by wars *provoked*,—and by victories won by his *arms*;—and unless his career is *spectacular* and full of *circumstance*,—he is held to have added *nothing* to the glory of his country or his *dynasty*.—

With *us*,—greatness rests upon dutiful obedience to the *law*.—Tried at last by *time*,—our public men may hope for noble prominence in history—*only* by exercising the unfailing *self-restraint* which associates their names with no breach of the law of the *land*,—beyond whose verge and limit ambition has no *virtue*.—

In *other* lands,—the path of glory overpasses this *frontier*, and laws and heads and

hearts are broken by *ambition*, grown to be a vice by the absence of *restraint*.

The safety of a free state is in its administration by *men* who refuse to accomplish what is merely *expedient* by invasion of that which is *right*.—The latitudinarian,—who regards government as a special *providence*,—benignly administering narcotic kindness to all human aches and *pains*,—and commissioned to avert the penalties of *transgression*,—may pass, in his generation, as a *philanthropist*,—but he will not be remembered as a *statesman*.—His policy will soften the fibers of *character*,—weaken the resistant powers of *men*,—and finally turn government into a thoughtless *benevolence*,—and the governed into helpless dependents upon its *bounty*.—

This theory and method would have built the temple of liberty entirely of *mortar*,—without *buttress*, or *brace*, or *pilaster*,—and would have left us without the occasion for such fine illustrations of manly strength of character as we are about to *consider*.—

THE PECULIAR VIRTUE OF OUR GOVERNMENT, —THEN,—IS, THAT IT MAKES HIM GREATEST —WHO,—UNDER GREATEST TEMPTATION,—IS MOST OBEDIENT TO THE LAW,—and it calls into constant activity that *independence* which self-

centers men and makes them the *protectors* of the government—rather than *suppliants* for its protection.—

Studied from each of these base-lines,—we are here to honor the memory of *one*,—who was by the one standard *great*,—and by the *other*,—an example of American *self-reliance*.—*Hon. John P. Irish.*

## UNCLE SAM

Self-government is a *capacity*,—rather than a *right*,—the prerogative that is always conditioned by the *capacity* to exercise the prerogative.—The matter of self-government is not one of race or *color*,—but of *ability*.—A monarchy is government of the *one*;—an oligarchy,—a government of the *few*; an *aristocracy*, a government of the *rich*;—and a partial *democracy*,—which we have in *this* country,—a government of the *many*. Democracy was defined by Lincoln,—in his Gettysburg address—as a government “*of the people,—by the people,—and for the people.*”—This may well be regarded as the most powerful political idea in the *world*.—Every *throne* on earth feels the impact of this *logic*,—and every people in the world awakens to its *meaning*.



Popular government in the *United States*—has been regarded as an *experiment*;—but it is no *longer* an experiment in *government*;—it is an assured *fact*.—We have *seen*,—with the assistance of the public school and republican *institutions*,—the wisdom of the people managing their *own* affairs in their *own* way.—We have vindicated our right to transact our political business without the assistance of a *king*.—The constant fight that has been made against the *boss* in American politics—is the assurance of the common people that *they* are the government.—*We* are the government of the *United States*,—and we have just as good government as we *deserve*.—The people are the *republic*.

It is impossible to *extinguish* the rising flame of popular *liberty*,—the light of which to-day illumines the heavens of the *world*.—THE RISE OF THE COMMON MAN IS REVOLUTIONIZING THE POLITICS OF THE WORLD.—When the laborer lays down his pick in the coal mines of *Pennsylvania*,—the President of the *United States* feels the national influence of his *silence*,—and when the common man casts his *ballot*,—every political party reckons with its *power*.—Democracy has become an *opportunity*;—it is the privilege of the *many*.

—Government is not for the sake of the *governors*,—but for the *governed*.—

Uncle Sam is a man of the *home*.—The home is the *fundamental* institution of the country,—more necessary than the church or the *school*.—Indeed, the home *embodies* these institutions;—for the *first* school was the *fire-side*,—and the *first* teacher,—the *mother*;—the *first* church was the ancient Hebrew *household*,—and the *first* priest,—the *father*.—While we have the *home*,—we have the *republic*,—the very essence of our national *life*.—The *morality* of the people never rises above the morality of the *domestic life*;—hence the home may be regarded as the *thermometer* of the republic.—Uncle Sam has found the domestic life the inspiration of his higher *conquests*—and the reinforcement of his remarkable *career*.—Starting out across the continent to subdue the forests and *wilderness*,—he lies down in his *cabin*,—with powder-horn and *musket*,—a king in his *kingdom*.—Going out to fight the battles of the *nation*,—he remembers the *fireplace*,—and becomes the indomitable warrior against the threatening enemies of his *home*.—

Uncle Sam is *religious*.—It is sometimes supposed that the average American lacks deep religious *convictions*.—He *does* believe in *God*.

—In great wars and in national crises through which he has *passed*,—he has held with unflinching faith to the *Eternal*.—Frequently cast down in the darkness of national *disaster*,—he has prayed to *God*.

Uncle Sam believes in *education*.—The schoolhouse has been the pillar of cloud of the *pioneer*.—It has developed from the log building to the *university*.—The training of the *brain* has been one of the higher passions of the *Americans*.—In the evolution of *industry* and in the establishment of popular *government*,—in the expansion of *religion* and in the construction of great *cities*,—education has been a powerful *factor*.—The public schools have *reinforced* democracy.

The people should know the English *language*,—and be intelligent as to the needs of the local *community*.—A knowledge of *English* is more necessary than a knowledge of *Greek*.—To be informed on the needs of *America*—is more necessary than to know all about ancient *Rome*.—

Uncle Sam is a *humorist*,—and in cracking his *jokes*—playing his *pranks*,—writing his *wit*,—which has the sparkle of *champagne*,—he has developed a school of *humor*.—The proverbial reflection upon the capacity of the *Scot*

to see a joke has never been cast on the *American*.—Uncle Sam,—the peaceful member of a *democracy*,—plowing his *fields*,—making his *horseshoes*,—transacting his *business*,—driving his *train*,—or propelling his *ship*,—is the model representative of the *common people*,—who are citizens, not *soldiers*.—

Citizenship is not a matter of religious *faith* nor partisan *politics*.—It is founded on a knowledge of the English *language*,—an intelligent conception of civic *duty*,—and on personal *character*.—There is more to fear from sleepy *respectability*—than from the vicious *classes*.—

Uncle Sam faces serious problems at *home*.—Our form of government is always fraught with domestic issues and *responsibilities*.—Our greatest foes have been from *within*.—With our conglomerate mass of *people*,—the perplexing problems growing out of corrupt partisan *politics*,—the purification of the fountains of political *power*,—the problems of great *cities*,—the matter of *immigration*,—the maintenance of high national *ideals*,—the white man's burden in the *South*,—all are *issues* which must not be ignored.—Every man is called upon to be *thoughtful* as to the welfare of his country.—Since the Nazarene an-

nounced his original plan of *government*,—the common man has been in the ascendancy. Ultimately, in the pilot-box of every ship of state will stand,—not the captain of *industry*,—not the *warrior*,—but the *common* man,—who, in the United States,—is represented by that majestic *figure*,—the incarnation of the lasting principles of popular government, *Uncle Sam*.—*Rev. William Rader*.

### YOUNG MEN *in* POLITICS

The subject is inspiring and peculiarly *appropriate* upon an occasion like *this*,—when so many of the *intelligent*,—*progressive*,—and *representative* young men of the state have assembled for the purpose of considering the political conditions of the *country*,—and with a view of contemplating and devising *methods*—whereby the highest interests of the commonwealth may be *promoted*.—That *every* man who is solicitous for good government—should take an active interest in politics and political *questions*,—surely, scarcely admits of *argument*,—even if it needs *affirmation*.—And yet there are many bright and successful *young* as well as *middle-aged* men in *business* life and in the *professions*,—and men of inde-

pendent wealth and of *leisure*,—who are not public-spirited *enough* to make their influence *felt* in the determination of party *policies*—or in the direction of public *affairs*.

The result is,—as we all *know*,—that frequently the civil rights and interests of the people are committed to the tender mercies of a *predatory class*,—whose highest aim, it may be modestly said,—is *not* for the public good.—The “*upright*” citizens,—also,—it must be *admitted*,—although they are not *strenuous* enough to *assert* themselves,—or to make any *effort* to do so,—in the selection of their party *nominees* or in the administration of the *law*,—are often most *violent* in their denunciation of political *corruption*—and in their lamentations over the general decadence of the *times*.—

If by any feeble words of mine—I could induce our people to take a *deeper*—and more *determined* and *persistent* interest in *politics*,—I should feel that I had accomplished something worthy of *greater* efforts than any power of mine can *perform*.—I speak especially to *young men*,—because their habits of thought and of life are more susceptible to *influence*,—and because the future holds more in *store* for them,—and a *greater obligation* rests upon

them in view of their capabilities and *opportunities*.—What I shall submit for your consideration is not said in a spirit of criticism or *fault-finding*,—but rather of commendation and friendly *suggestion*.—

It has been said,—“that it is easier to criticise the greatest thing done *superbly*,—than to do the smallest thing *indifferently*.”—But I want to say,—young men,—that you should be interested in *politics*,—and you should continue to be a *factor* in the government of the country—so long as you are physically and mentally able to participate in public *affairs*.—May the young men—“just fresh from the Creator’s *hands*,—and with the unspent energies of the coming eternity wrapped in their *bosoms*,—contemplate the mighty gifts with which they have been *endowed*,”—and resolve that they *will* devote them—as far as possible—to the welfare of the state and of the *nation*,—and may they *remember*,—as Robert C. *Winthrop* said,—“THAT SELF-GOVERNMENT POLITICALLY—CAN ONLY BE SUCCESSFUL—IF IT BE ACCOMPANIED BY SELF-GOVERNMENT PERSONALLY;—that there must be government *some-where*;—and that if the people are indeed to be *sovereigns*,—they must exercise their sovereignty over themselves *individually* as well as

over themselves in the *aggregate*,—regulating their *own* lives,—resisting their own *temptations*,—subduing their *own* passions,—and voluntarily imposing upon *themselves* some measure of that restraint and *discipline*—which under other systems is supplied from the armories of arbitrary *power*;—the discipline of *virtue*—in the place of the discipline of *slavery*.”—*Albert G. Burnett.*

### *The WISDOM of WASHINGTON*

Where, indeed, could a theme be found,—more *vast* in its proportions or more *diversified* in its attributes,—compressed within such *narrow bounds*?—A century has rolled *by* since Washington was laid to rest beneath the sod of *Mount Vernon*.—And *yet*—wherever—upon the face of the *globe*—the emblem under which he fought the great fight of independence is *unfurled*,—in every *city*,—*town*,—*village*, and *hamlet*—within the confines of the *republic*;—upon every *craft* flying the Stars and Stripes—which floats upon the *waters*,—from the stately and awe-inspiring battle-*ship* horrent with engines of *destruction*,—to the humblest fishing-smack that plows its peaceful way under the shadow of the lee *shore*,—nay,—in



remote and strange *lands*,—whether in the frozen regions of the *poles* or under the burning sun of the *tropics*,—wherever a heart is found to beat in an *American* breast,—there, on *this* day,—with public pomp or private ceremonial,—the birth of Washington is *commemorated*.—How measure the worth of that *life*,—whose fame,—defying not only the power of *time*,—but reversing the laws of terrestrial *things*,—grows *brighter* with each revolving year,—and keeps pace with the march of civilization wherever its standard is advanced over the habitable *globe*?—What influence do the *character*,—the *example*,—the *precepts*—of Washington exert *to-day* upon the destiny of the nation in the unprecedented and changed conditions which *surround* it?—When forgetful of the concerns clamoring for attention at *home*,—we talk in swelling phrase about our duty to humanity *abroad*;—when we imagine ourselves the champions of *Providence*,—fraught with the mission of emancipating and *regenerating* mankind;—when we allow our imagination to be *dazzled*—and our vanity to be *flattered*—by invitation to an alliance with a *monarchy*,—kindred,—it is *true*,—but for all that,—none the less proverbially egotistic in its *policy*,—what voice rings clear

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through the mists of a century to *warn* us that—"it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from *another*;—that it is an *illusion* which experience must cure,—which a just pride ought to *discard*"?

Are we *deaf* to these utterances?—Do we hear them *unmoved*?—Has the power which has been our guide for a hundred years now ceased to have *force*?—Have those precepts under which our national greatness has *developed*,—our commerce *flourished*,—and the happiness of the people been *secured*, lost their *efficacy*?—Is the influence of the example and the teachings of Washington henceforth to be *no more*?—Believe it *not*!—The day *will* come—it never yet has *failed* to come to the people of these United *States*—when the *temporary* illusions of the hour shall be dispelled—like the mists of *morning*,—when reason shall *resume* her sway,—when this nascent proneness to neglect our affairs at *home* in a fantastic attempt to usurp the functions of the Omnipotent in the regulation of the *world*,—shall be looked upon as the fitful and momentary aberrations of a fevered *mind*.—The day will *come* when we shall realize that our true interests are *here*,—and concern our *own* people;—that the principles by which we con-

quered and *still* maintain our *independence*—demand that we allow *other* nations to achieve or retain *theirs*;—and that if expansion be our *wish*,—we should remember that we still have within our *own* borders,—upon soil indisputably *ours*,—room enough for a *ten* times greater number of freemen—children of the *temperate* zone—than the fevered swamps of the *Antilles*—or the jungles of the Malayan Archipelago could *support*.—THE DAY WILL COME WHEN,—WITH THE ACCUSTOMED REVERENCE OF OLD,—WE WILL RETURN TO THE WISDOM AND STATESMANSHIP OF WASHINGTON,—AND IN THE FUTURE,—AS IN THE PAST,—WILL CONTINUE TO REAR THE EDIFICE OF OUR NATIONAL GREATNESS UPON THE BROAD AND SAFE FOUNDATIONS WHICH HE HAS LAID.

On *that* day,—and until the waters of the ocean shall have engulfed the *continent*,—and this loved land of ours shall be no *more*,—author of our *independence*,—founder of our *government*,—primordial magistrate of the *republic*,—father, and *sage*,—whose ashes are inurned within the sepulcher of Mount *Vernon*,—but whose spirit can never *die*,—be with us,—yet and *evermore*.—D. M. Delmas.

### *The UNVEILING of a MONUMENT*

We are gathered here *to-day* to commemorate an historical incident in the early history of the Western *land*—an incident *replete* with deeds of *heroism*,—of *suffering* and of *sacrifice*.—

But in a *broad*er sense—we are here to dedicate a monument to the *courage*,—the *valor* and the unconquerable spirit of *Pioneers*,—the men and women who braved the burning *desert* and the snowbound *summits*—to help build on these far Pacific slopes a free and enlightened *commonwealth*.—

*Westward* the course of empire was taking its *way*—and those early pioneers saw in this glorious Western land of *sunshine* the home of their *dreams*.—As we look *back* over the brief period that has elapsed since the pioneers set out on their long *pilgrimage*,—we cannot but marvel at the transformation that has taken *place*.—

What was then an almost *unknown* and an almost unpeopled *region* is to-day a rich *empire*,—studded with thriving cities and *towns*;—a land of limitless *wealth*;—a commonwealth second to *none* in refining influence of *art*—and *science*—and *culture*:—the home of mil-

lions of loyal and devoted American men and *women*.—

As we contemplate the hardships *endured*—and the sublime courage *displayed* by that group of sturdy *Pioneers*,—we realize that *we*—of this *generation*—are face to face with a situation that calls for the same spirit of resolute devotion to *duty*—and THE SAME WILLINGNESS TO ENDURE,—IF NEED BE,—THE EXTREME OF PERSONAL SACRIFICE.—

At *this* moment the eyes of the world are focused upon the conflict that is raging on Europe's battle-scarred *fields*,—anxiously awaiting the issue that means so much to the peace and safety of the whole *world*.—

California's sons are *there*,—doing their part *heroically*,—*grandly*.—They are there to fight for the preservation of the liberty of the whole *world*.—*William D. Stephens*.

### No FLAG *but the* STARRY BANNER

Oh, land of heaven-born *freedom*,—sweet land of *liberty*,—land of our birth or our *adoption*,—mistress of our *hearts* and queen of our *affections*,—land rescued to independence by the splendid aid of our *forefathers*,—land redeemed from dissolution by the sterling

help of our *heroes*; benevolent *empire*,—spreading out the domain of free institutions by the generous help of our brothers and *sons*;—*sacred* land,—hallowed by the blood of heroes on every field of *battle*;—land consecrated with the graves of our *loved* ones—who lived and died beneath the sheltering *field*;—land dear to us by the benefactions you have flung at the feet of every exile who has come within your *gates*;—land good to us and ours and all,—beyond the goodness of all the *other* nations of the world—to men since time *began*;—land of our *first* fealty and our *best* love,—of our sworn *allegiance* and our undivided *loyalty*;—LAND OF THE FREE,—BELOVED AMERICA—in this day of *difficulty*,—as in *all* your troubled days that have gone before,—we ask no questions but of your best *interests*,—will shrink from aught that might embarrass or *embroil* you,—and will know no flag but *yours*.—*John J. Barrett.*

### *The* SIMPLICITY of TYRANNY

Not as *poet's* dream,—is Freedom to be *represented*;—not as a fair young *maiden* with light and delicate *limbs*,—but, rather as a bearded *man*—armed to the *teeth*,—whose

massive limbs are strong with *struggling*.—For man has through the centuries *fought*—and *battled*—and won *triumphs*,—has gained the treasures of *art*,—has built magnificent *temples*,—has wrought with cunning and *skill*.—All things have come to him with splendid *realization*.—But the *one* thing which is his by right,—God-given and *eternal*, the *one* thing for which he has battled from the smallness of *Time*,—has been the *last* to be accorded to him.—That thing is the *right to think*.—

The *mind*—which should be as free as the winds of *heaven*,—has always been held in *chains*,—weighed down by the tyrant's knee upon its *breast*.—By some strange perversity of the human *heart*,—the very moment that power is placed in the absolute keeping of some one man over his *fellows*,—that moment he schemes to enslave the minds of those *about him*,—or—if failing *so* to do,—gives them over to the torture chamber or the *thumbscrew*.—The right to *think*,—God-given and eternal though it *may* be,—has been won only by wading through seas of *blood*—and pressing forth into the wilderness of an unknown *world*.—By what process has society been *formed*—that this God-given right has been delayed until

this nineteenth *century*?—By what *process* did this desire to thwart man's natural heritage first *arise*?—From what habit of *primitive* man did it receive its *first* impetus?

It is the power of wealth that destroys a *nation*.—Law ceases to be of any *value*.—The social fabric becomes a festering mass of *rottenness*.

It may be stated as a *fact*,—that no nation ever died because it was *poor*—that is to say,—poor in *purse*.—It could not be poor while it was rich in *manhood*.—There was *another* thing that entered into making men poor *indeed* and depriving them of the right to *think*;—it was the *difficulty* which stood in the way,—preventing freedom of *mind*,—because it was so much easier to *submit* than to organize against the ages and overturn the old order of *things*.—

To administer an *empire* requires only an *emperor*,—but to organize and carry on a *republic* demands *many* INCORRUPTIBLE CITIZENS WHO ARE MORE ANXIOUS OVER THE COMMON GOOD THAN THEY ARE OVER THEIR OWN PERSONAL GOOD.—*Adley H. Cummins*.



### *The* CIVIC CONSCIENCE

To purify *politics* we should first purify those from whom the politicians derive their *powers*.—What is most needed in this country *to-day* is a sound civic *conscience*,—a clear and deep intellectual perception of *truth*,—a moral prescience which enables its possessor to differentiate right from *wrong*,—coupled with an impulse toward *rectitude*.—The civic conscience is the corner-stone of good *citizenship*,—the mainspring of *patriotism*, the right which men should follow in every contact with government,—and with *society*.

A people without its pure flame to *guide* them—are groping in darkness on the brink of a *chasm*.—The country basking in its *effulgence* is immune to *decay*.—It does not *suffice* to urge men to do their civic *duty*.—They must have a proper sense of their *obligations* and their hearts must be inclined toward right *action*.—TO THAT END THE HEART AS WELL AS THE MIND MUST BE CULTIVATED,—AND THAT SORT OF CULTIVATION COMES WITH RELIGIOUS TEACHING.—It has been pretty clearly demonstrated that there can be no *moral progress* under a system that has not *honor* for its basic *principle*.

A sense of *honor* is incompatible with indulgence of the passions that breed *depravity*.—The civic conscience is becoming *atrophied* in this materialistic *age*—because of the growing popularity of the twentieth century *gospel*,—the gospel of corrupting *wealth*—which urges material ideals contrary to the fundamentals of ethical and pure *Christianity*.—Hence the paramount *importance* of persistent denunciation of the irrational coveting of *gold*,—and the eternal *glorification* of the *idealities*.—Let us quit apotheosizing *Success*,—and proclaim more frequently the *higher* purposes of existence which inspire grand and beneficent *effort*.—By *this* course we may,—in time,—acquire a civic conscience which will find expression—not only in political *activities*—but in *all* our relations with *society*.—*Theodore Bonnet*.

## OUR REPUBLIC?

What *is* this Republic?—It is the concentrated expression of intelligent free *men*—organized for the advancement of *themselves* in the pathways of honor and *virtue*,—asking for higher and *better* things,—*not* seeking for *enslavement*.

Reviewing the array of nations prepared for war,—I see a mighty *nation*—a *Russia*,—a *France*,—a *Germany*,—and *England*,—with their millions of men armed and ready to *strike*,—ready to *fight*,—ready to extinguish *life*.—I see their serried forms,—not only upon *land*,—but their wondrous navies upon the vasty *deep*,—I behold their mighty cannon leveled at the *foe*,—and I ask myself,—*why* is it thus?—I turn back my *eyes* to the days when on Calvary's mount the Nazarene died that man might *live*—and that peace might *prevail*; and I *wonder* whether in this *nineteenth* century,—in this day and in this *hour*—we are in reality *sincere*.—

For myself,—my views are *clear*.—I believe in my *country*.—*Her* I am ready to defend.—On *her* great shore,—from her mountain *tops*,—and from every vale within which she attempts to exercise *jurisdiction*,—I believe it to be the duty of our manhood to rally to the support of the American *flag*.—But I think that her destiny is something *more* than to subjugate *rattlesnakes*,—boa *constrictors*,—Filipinos or *Cubans*.—I look upon her as the typification of the republic of the *ages*.—I regard her as containing within her mighty *bosom* the truth of *centuries*,—received from

those who have striven to elevate *virtue*,—to take women and men and build them up to be *higher* and *better* things in the struggling story of *mortality*.—I believe in *that*,—and I summon to that great contest no barbarian *horde*.—If I have anything to *say*,—if my voice may summon from the vasty *deep*,—if it may call from the mountain *top*,—if it may bring echoes from the *plain*,—the note will be,—“Let us fight that manhood may be *better*;—that it may be *purser*;—that it may be *greater*.”—

AND AT MY SIDE, I WANT INTELLECT,—PURITY,—TRUTH,—MANHOOD;—AND ABOVE ME THE STANDARD OF JUSTICE.—*Stephen M. White.*

### MAKERS of the FLAG

This morning, as I passed into the *Land Office*,—The Flag dropped me a most cordial *salutation*,—and from its rippling folds I heard it say:—“Good morning,—Mr. Flag *Maker*.”

“I beg your *pardon*,—Old Glory,”—I said. “Aren’t you *mistaken*?—I am not the President of the *United States*,—nor a member of

*Congress*,—nor even a general in the *army*.—  
I am only a government *clerk*.”

“I greet you *again*,—Mr. Flag *Maker*,”—  
replied the gay voice,—“I know you *well*.—  
You are the man who worked in the swelter of  
yesterday—straightening out the tangle of  
that farmer’s homestead in *Idaho*,—or per-  
haps you found the mistake in that Indian  
contract in *Oklahoma*,—or helped to clear that  
patent for the hopeful inventor in *New York*,  
—or pushed the opening of that new ditch in  
*Colorado*,—or made that *mine* in Illinois more  
safe,—or brought relief to the old soldier in  
*Wyoming*.—No *matter*;—whichever one of  
these beneficent individuals you may happen  
to *be*,—I give you greeting,—Mr. Flag  
*Maker*.”—

I was about to pass *on*,—when “The Flag”  
stopped me with these *words*:—

“Yesterday the President spoke a word that  
made happier the future of ten million peons  
in *Mexico*;—but that act looms no larger on  
the *flag* than the struggle which the boy in  
Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize  
this *summer*.—

“Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which  
will open the door of *Alaska*;—but a mother in  
Michigan worked from sunrise until far into

the *night* to give her boy an *education*.—She, too, is making the *flag*.—

“Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial *panics*,—and yesterday,—*maybe*,—a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a *song* that will give cheer to the millions of our *race*.—We are all making the *flag*.”—

“But,”—I said *impatiently*,—“these people were only *working*.”—

Then came a great *shout* from The Flag:—

“The work that we do is the *making* of the *flag*.—

“I am not the *flag*;—not at *all*.—I am but its *shadow*.—

“I am whatever you make *me*,—nothing *more*.—

“I AM YOUR BELIEF IN YOURSELF,—YOUR DREAM OF WHAT PEOPLE MAY BECOME.—

“I live a changing life,—a life of moods and *passions*,—of heartbreaks and tired *muscles*.—

“Sometimes I am strong with *pride*,—when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together *truly*.—

“Sometimes I *droop*,—for then purpose has gone *from* me, and cynically I play the *coward*.—

"Sometimes I am *loud*,—*garish* and full of that *ego* that blasts *judgment*.—

"But always I am all that you hope to *be*, and have the courage to *try* for.—

"I am song and *fear*,—struggle and *panic*,—and ennobling *hope*.—

"I am the day's work of the *weakest* man,—and the largest dream of the most *daring*.

"I am the Constitution and the *courts*,—statutes and the statute *makers*,—soldier and *dreadnought*,—drayman and street *sweep*,—cook, counselor,—and *clerk*.—

"I am the battle of *yesterday*,—and the mistake of *to-morrow*.—

"I am the mystery of the men who *do* without knowing *why*.—

"I am the clutch of an *idea*,—and the reasoned purpose of *resolution*.—

"I am no more than what you *believe* me to be—and I am *all* that you believe I can *be*.—

"I am what you make *me*,—nothing *more*.—

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of *color*,—a symbol of *yourself*,—the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this *Nation*.—My stars and my stripes are your dream and your *labors*.—They are bright with *cheer*,—brilliant with *courage*,—firm with

*faith*, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making.”—*Franklin K. Lane*.

## PIONEER MOTHERS

It has been said—that the lives of the Puritan *mothers*—were undoubtedly *harder* to bear than the lives of the Puritan *fathers*,—because the *mothers* had to endure the same *hardships* as the *fathers* endured,—and,—in *addition*,—had to endure the *fathers*.—But the men whose axes blazed the trails of civilization through the forests of the First *West*,—and the sons who crossed the *plains* were not men of Puritan austerity and *gloom*,—though there ran in the veins of *many* of them,—indeed,—the blood of that famous *breed*.—The large liberty of the wilderness spoke into the hearts of the Pioneers a kindlier *faith*,—a more catholic *tolerance*.—

Among the many fine characteristics of this strong and *adventurous* race of men—one stands out in white light,—their unaffected reverence of women—in the homely and beautiful aspect of wife and *mother*.—They carried this reverence almost to the point of the fan-



*tastic*—and no knight of chivalry's ancient day—was more *prompt* to lay lance in rest to avenge insult to his lady-love—than were *these* men prompt with fist or pistol—to defend the good name and honorable repute of plain Betsy or *Jane*.—He took his life *carelessly* in his hand who talked lightly of the Pioneer's *womankind*.—They were good and *brave* women,—and all that we have that is *worth* having in our *own* characters,—as well as all this wonderful *civilization* which now stands,—so *splendid*, — so *magnificent*, — where stretched the wilderness their hands helped to subdue,—we owe to *their* goodness and to *their* bravery.—

We are apt to think of states—as though they were founded on war and *conquest*,—and their glories and happiness as secured by the arms and the valor and the toil of their *men*.—But in *truth*—the *happiness* and *glory* of a people—is always in ratio to the virtues and the valor of its *women*.—It is upon the supreme and sacred function of *motherhood*—that the edifice of the republic securely *rests*.—

Not in its ships of *battle*—nor in its *armies*—nor in its *riches*—nor in its *numbers* is the nation's *final* strength,—but in the character of its *women*.—Taken as a *whole*,—the genera-

tion which sprang from these daughters of the *wilderness*—was a race full of *vigor*,—inheriting not alone *bodily* strength,—but that large and magnanimous strength of *mind* and dauntlessness of *spirit*—which their fathers and their *mothers* wore—as a sign upon their *hands* and as frontlets between their *eyes*.—Nor was the wilderness *always* harsh and its face austere.—It offered to those hardy adventurers the *liberty* which they prized above *all* gifts,—and the promise of that *abundance*—with which it was to blossom under their subduing *hands*.—It wrought into the very fibres of their *being*—an admirable largeness of *soul*.—

They possessed a valiant *simplicity*—and went about the most *heroic* tasks with no notion that they were doing anything out of the *ordinary*;—and chiefly they did their work—whether in the *field*—or in the neighborhood *senates*—or in the *battle*—or in the *kitchen*—or at the *wash-tub*—or facing matters of life and *death*—these warrior men and *women*—of whom no bard has ever yet sung the noble *epic*—with a stubborn faith in their *own* endurance and a high unchallenging trust in the *Providence* which they believed to hold them in the hollow of its Almighty *hand*.—

So they came by *rough* roads—and *thorny*

ways from the firesides of their old *homes*,—scattered over many *states*—and foregathered in the *new* land,—and in the courage of their simple *hearts*—and the strength of their *strong* hands,—they wrought the mighty fabric of those commonwealths in which we *live*,—surrounded by the innumerable *comforts* of a happy society.—

The Pioneer mothers did not alone travail in *birth* with us who are their *children*;—they brought forth upon their *knees*—and nourished with their own milk—the states *themselves*.—And the glory of the Republic is *their* glory;—its renown *their* renown;—its greatest story *their* story.—

With the stones and the mortar of their innumerable *hardships*,—their *sufferings*,—their *valor*,—their *self-denial* and their *faith*,—the approving providence of God built this very temple of orderly and lawful *Liberty*—to which we men and women draw for shelter and *safety*.—The fire upon its altars *they* kindled.—AND WHILE THAT FIRE BURNS,—FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION,—THE TALE OF THE VIRTUES—AND THE SACRIFICES—AND THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR SIMPLE AND HEROIC MOTHERS SHALL NOT DIE ON THE LIPS OF MEN.—*Phil Frances.*

### *The END of the WAR!*

The German *Empire*,—proclaimed for world domination three *generations* ago,—has *fallen*.—Instead of majestic triumphs along Unter den *Linden*,—with captives drawn at the chariot wheels of the *Hun*,—we see the Hohenzollerns *fleeing* to the shelter of neutral land in far deeper ignominy than ever fled *Napoleon*.—A German Commune,—like that which swept with anarchy and rapine thru the streets of Paris nearly *fifty years* ago,—carries the red flag to-day in *Berlin*.—We are living years in a *day*.—And along the streets of this Free People of America,—the sounds of *re-joicing* are heard on every *hand*.

The breakdown of German *autocracy*,—the end of this gigantic *world-war*;—the flight of the Imperial *Hohenzollerns* to realms altogether “in the Dutch”—are events of *staggering* significance.—But these are not the *whole* of it.—To *us*,—the events of the day and hour carry a far *deeper* significance in the things that abide with the Almighty *God*.—

Every person who knows *anything* about the fundamental philosophy and religion of *Germany*,—knows well that from the days of Ferdinand Christian *Bauer*,—down to the latest *expositor*,—there has been a relentless

effort in Germany to rob the Bible of all its supernatural and spiritual *suggestion*.—God has been driven not only from the *temples*,—but also from the *schools*,—the *homes*,—the *hearts*,—of the people,—so far as autocracy could *do* it.—

In its place, has been put the gigantic *Superman* superstition of *Nietsche*,—*Trietschke*—and *Bernhardi*.—Haeckel and Von Hartmann,—and scores of *smaller* skeptics and *agnostics*—have preached their odious doctrines of *materialism* and boldly asserted that *any* means was *justifiable* in the attainment of the world-dominion of *Germany*.—Such horrid doctrine did the eminent German preacher,—Pastor W. *Lehmann*,—proclaim to a great *congregation*—that “Tho it may sound *proud*, yet will I say that the German soul is *God’s*;—it shall rule over all *mankind*.”—

It is this *ogre*,—this blasphemous and debasing travesty on *Christianity*,—that has *fallen*.—It was *time*.—An impious *philosophy*,—married to *efficiency*,—had reared a *hellish brood*.—These, also, have been driven out of Germany in this amazing *debacle*.—To *us*,—the spiritual *vandalism*,—resulting from the emasculation of *God*;—the Germanizing of *Christ*—and the consequent Godlessness of the

ruling element of German *Nationalism*,—are of far *deeper* significance than the Kaiser's *personality*.—Hands dripping with blood of *Belgium*—as they hide the pitiable face of the Hohenzollern,—fleeing from the throne of his *fathers*,—are not more stained than those which pointed the way of blood from the *pulpits*—or set the lessons of impious atheistic teachings before little children in a happy *land*.—They deliberately *robbed* the German people of a *living God*—and in His place set up a *German god*,—soulless,—military,—lustful of *power*.—"The German soul is *God's*;—it shall rule over *mankind*."—

And so we *say*—it is not *alone* a tyranny over the political welfare of a people that falls *to-day*.—It is the tyranny over *thought*,—pure *aspiration*,—and the sweet and precious belief in the Sermon on the *Mount*,—that falls with the ruins of that mighty political *empire*.—Democracy is henceforth to be determined *not* in the currency of *Nietsche*—but in that of Saint Paul.—Human *brotherhood* is to be defined,—not by a God with a *German soul*,—but by a God who is a *universal Father*—as expressed by Him who died on *Calvary*.—No *longer* shall a nation teach from its pulpits its *own* exclusive partnership with a merciless

God and a lustful *Saviour*.—The eyes of the German people are to-day *opened*.—The fraud is *exposed*.—The superstition of the Superman is *dead*.—The German people *themselves* see it to-day—else why did God forsake them in *battle*—A false *philosophy*,—the most dangerous and pernicious ever conceived since the beginning of man,—has met its *end*.—HAD IT PERSISTED,—THE WORLD WOULD HAVE BEEN ENSLAVED;—FAITH WOULD HAVE DIED;—CHRIST WOULD HAVE BECOME A MYTH AND GOD A SOULLESS MOCKERY—the mask of a German *ego*,—conceived in *lust* and born amid slavery and *murder*.—

*Celebrate!*—There *never* was a day like it before since Earth began to turn within the realm of *space*!—It is the restoration of *Brotherhood*!—It is the attestation of God's loving *care*!—It is the apotheosis of human *happiness*.—They must be celebrating it in *Heaven*!—A. G. S.

### DEBIT and CREDIT of the WAR

*Two* ideas there are which,—above all *others*,—elevate and dignify a *race*,—the idea of *God*—and of *country*.—How imperishable is the idea of *country*!

What *is* our country?—Not alone the land and the *sea*,—*the* lakes and *rivers*—and valleys and *mountains*;—not alone the *people*,—their customs and *laws*;—not alone the memories of the *past*,—the hopes of the *future*;—it is something *more* than all these *combined*.—It is a divine *abstraction*. You cannot tell *what* it is;—but let its *flag* rustle above your head,—you feel its living presence in your *hearts*.—They tell us that our country must *die*;—that the sun and the stars will look down upon the great republic no *more*;—that already the black eagles of despotism are gathering in our political *sky*;—that,—even *now*,—kings and emperors are casting lots for the garments of our national *glory*.—It shall *not be*!—

Not *yet*,—not *yet*,—shall the nations lay the bleeding corpse of our country in the *tomb*.—If they *could*,—angels would roll the stone from the mouth of the *sepulcher*.—It would burst the casements of the *grave* and come forth a *living* presence,—“*redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled*.”—Not *yet*,—not *yet*,—shall the republic *die*!—The heavens are *not* darkened,—the stones are *not* rent!—It shall *live*—it shall *live*,—the incarnation of *freedom*;—it shall live,—the embodiment of the power and the majesty of the *people*.—Bap-



tized *anew*,—IT SHALL STAND A THOUSAND YEARS TO COME,—THE COLOSSUS OF THE NATIONS,—ITS FEET UPON THE CONTINENTS,—ITS SCEPTER OVER THE SEAS,—ITS FOREHEAD AMONG THE STARS.—*Anonymous.*

### *On the FIRING LINE*

For *every* soldier buried on the field,—there is a broken heart at *home*.—Is it in the busy street of the crowded *city*,—is it in the rural *hamlet*—or is it in the *farm-house*—under the shade of the trees—by the quiet country *road*?—God *knows*;—but *somewhere* within our borders—there is a *ruined* life;—somewhere a *broken* heart.—For, though the multitude heed it *not*,—every bullet that takes a *life* leaves desolate some *home*,—leaves broken some one's *heart*.—

I am not oblivious to the *glorious* side of war,—but I speak of that which *first* appeals to me,—the infinite *pity* of it all.—Yet there is *another* phase which is all too frequently *overlooked*,—and which touches directly our more humane *instincts*,—which appeals at once to our gentler *nature*.—For *centuries* the fate of the soldier wounded on the *field*—or stricken by *pestilence* was to be left where he

*fell*,—with no one to *care* for him, and naught to do but to await the moment when *pain*,—and *thirst*,—and *exhaustion* should bring to him the relief from *suffering*—which his government was too busy to *afford*.

OUT OF THIS CONDITION OF AFFAIRS,—MODERN CIVILIZATION HAS EVOLVED THE RED CROSS SOCIETY,—its members protected by treaty among *all* nations,—whose duty it is to follow in the wake of contending *armies*,—and to *undo*,—in so far as may be *possible*,—the devastating work of *war*.—Many of our boys are enlisted under *that* banner;—and while their labors are little heard of,—passing,—for the *most* part,—unheeded among the more conspicuous feats of the *belligerents*,—we should not *forget* that while *some* of our members are occupied in the work of *destroying*,—*others* are engaged in the task of *building up*,—and are constantly found amid the horrors of *war*,—bending over the couch of the *afflicted*,—smoothing with gentle hand the pillow of wasting *disease*,—lifting the helpless head of the languid and *suffering*,—allaying the burning thirst of desiccating *fever*,—banishing the grim specters which affright the distempered *imagination*,—diffusing a fragrant coolness about the bed of dreaded *pestilence*,—and en-

couraging with well-founded hopes of a glory *beyond* the grave—those whom heaven forbids them to restore in renovated health to a grateful *country*.—*M. T. Dooling.*

## GETTYSBURG

Great *battles*,—like great *mountains*,—demand distance and *perspective*.—Travelers never understand the Alps until they look back from *Italy*.—Now that fifty years have passed since the battle of *Gettysburg*,—the veterans of the army of the Potomac have traveled far enough *away* to understand the place of their battle in the history of *liberty*.—Foreigners being *judges*,—Gettysburg marks the turning point in *history*.—The historian Mommsen was *not* an American,—and he thinks the Civil War was the greatest conflict in the annals of *time*.—Green was *not* an American,—but an *Englishman*, and he thinks *Gettysburg* the most momentous battle in *history*.—

The history of wars and battle is of *two* kinds,—*narrative* history—and *philosophic* history.—The time for the narrative historian has passed *by*,—and the time for the *philosophic* historian has fully *come*.—Thoughtful men distinguish between the *occasion* of the

war—and the *cause* of the conflict.—The *occasion* of the Revolution was a ship laden with *tea*,—sailing into Boston *Harbor*;—the *cause* was the determination of the Colonists to achieve *self-government*.—The *occasion* of the rebellion was *slavery*,—but the cause of the war was the attempt to overthrow a government conceived in *liberty*—and dedicated to the proposition that all men are *free* and *equal*.

The men who set the battle in *array* were Webster and *Calhoun*.—Webster said,—“The Union is *one* and *inseparable*,—and each State *subordinate*.”—*Calhoun* answered, “The State is *sovereign* and *supreme*—and the National government *secondary*.”—For *thirty* years the discussion raged in Congress between Webster and *Calhoun* and *Hayne*.—

Little by *little* the discussion was transferred from the *Senate Chamber* to the *lecture platform*—and to the *pulpit*.—Finally *slavery* became the subject of universal discussion at the *fireside*,—on the *street-car* and in the daily *press*.—Agitators went up and *down*—the land inspiring in people the love of *liberty*;—editors began to sow the land with the good seed of *freedom* and the love of *Union*.—The North was turned into a vast *debating society*.—At length the voices became loud and *angry*.

—Growing more *bitter*—the slavery men murdered *Lovejoy* in Alton, Ill.—Wendell Phillips became a voice for Liberty in Faneuil *Hall*,—Beecher sold the slave girl from Plymouth *pulpit*;—John Brown dropped a spark in the powder magazine at Harper's *Ferry*.—Then *Beauregard* fired on the flag at Fort *Sumter*.—In a moment the *whole North* was aflame—and the movement for the Union and liberty swept like a prairie fire *across* it.—In that hour the discussion between Webster and Calhoun was submitted to the arbitrament of *war*.—At Bull Run—Calhoun's argument was in the *ascendency*.—At Gettysburg *Webster's* plea that the Union was one and inseparable seemed the *stronger*.—At Appomattox the discussion was *concluded*.—Then Grant and *Lee*,—representing the North and the *South*,—wrote with a sword dipped in *blood* their approval of *Webster's* argument that the Union was one and *inseparable*—and that “a government conceived in *liberty* and dedicated to the proposition that all men are free and *equal*,—shall never perish from the *earth*.”—In *retrospect*,—therefore,—we see that the *occasion* of the war was *slavery*, but the cause of the war was the love of *Union*.—

*Great* as has been the influence of the battle

of *Gettysburg*,—it may be doubted whether in the long run the influence of Abraham Lincoln's *speech* will not prove an equally effective force upon democracy and *liberty*, and the destiny of the human *race*.—The libraries hold no story so sublime and pathetic as the story of *Lincoln*.—Be the reasons what they *may*,—when the Ruler of Nations wishes to secure a forward movement of society,—He has passed by the *king's* palace in favor of the poor man's *house*.—WHEN GOD WISHED A FATHER FOR THE BONDMEN, HE WENT TO A LOG CABIN IN KENTUCKY.—

The oration of Abraham Lincoln will live *forever*.—Wonderful in its *simplicity* and sunniness of *style*, it is wonderful *also* because of the number of mother ideas of liberty that it *contains*.—Edward Everett's oration,—three hours long,—was a bushel of diamonds carefully *polished*.—Abraham Lincoln's *ten minute speech* was a handful of *seed corn*—that has sown the world with the harvest of *liberty*.—*Gettysburg*,—therefore,—broke the power of *Secession*,—and freed the slaves. But the *greatest* thing about the battle of *Gettysburg*—is the fact that it made possible the speech of Abraham *Lincoln*—that has changed the history of liberty for all time to *come*.—

*Now* has come a time when we are no longer *two* sections, but one *nation*.—The *last* fire of Hatred has died out into cold *ashes*.—Blood has been red *rain*—going to the roots that feed the blossoms of the tree of *liberty*.—Now the whole nation is *proud*,—proud of the men of the gray and the men of the blue *alike*!—To-day the whole nation is turned into a vast *whispering* gallery,—and there is but one voice that speaks—the voice of *liberty*.—*Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.*

### *The* PATRIOTIC SABBATH

How fitting it seems that,—in the midst of the woe and confusion that disturb our *world*,—in part as a result of the world *war*,—we should come to a patriotic Sabbath,—*Memorial Day*,—when we honor those who have died for our *country*.—It is a day of peculiar and tender *pathos*,—hallowed by sacred *memories*,—enriched by a glorious *past*,—and sanctified by the precious life-treasures of human *service*.—Born of the tragedy of *battle*,—it has grown to be a day honored by all who have regard for that *loyalty* that speaks most eloquently of the struggles for human *freedom*,—the further franchise of *liberty*,—and the rise of the com-

*mon people.*—The wounds of civil and international strife—can be *healed* by the comforting forces of *Time*,—and nothing so unites the two parts of this nation that yesterday were at *war*—as *Memorial Day*.—

And what may be said of this nation is *equally* true when reference is made to those *nations* that have been at war with each *other*.—The unpleasant differences of *yesterday*—are best forgotten—when we keep alive *Memorial Day* with the feeling of love for *humanity*,—with the larger *charity* that knows that all peoples are marred by the foibles *common* to the human race,—and that *most* conflicts are honestly fought by *both* sides,—in pursuit of the attainment of *ideals* that may be a distinct moral *entity*—or merely a figment of the *imagination*.—

Memorial Day throughout the Northern states of *this nation*—was first observed out of respect to those who wore the *blue* in the struggle of '61.—For more than *thirty* years—the nation thought of *Memorial Day* as a day when the revered *living* and *dead* of the Civil war—should be *honored*,—and *such* a desire is prompted by the noblest impulses of our *being*.—As the years rolled *by*,—in the natural march of events,—*another* war broke out, and



a volunteer army from these *United States* went to the *front*,—preserving the *integrity* of our flag—which the national conscience decreed had an unquestioned *right* to be unfurled—as a rebuke of the last element of Oriental despotism on the Western *hemisphere*.

In that one hundred days' *war*—Cuba was given her *independence*,—Spain was compelled to relinquish her *hold* upon these possessions that offered a favorable place for her *domination*,—this nation commanded the respect of foreign *powers*, and augmented her prestige in the *Pacific*.—If this nation has *rightly* honored those who fought the *Civil war*,—fitting and merited tribute is due *those* who constituted that volunteer army in 1898.—

But in 1917 the flag of our fathers was once *more* lifted to the *breeze*,—when our armies and navies entered the *world war*,—and America cast her lot with the lovers of *freedom*,—and fought that most *honest* of wars—in behalf of *liberty*,—*justice*,—*God*,—and *righteousness*.—

These are the heroes of the wars of the *past*.—These are the aged men and the youth whom we honor at *this* sacred season of the *year*.—Each year the number of graves we decorate *increases*,—each year the ranks of marching

veterans become *thinner*.—This is a natural law, — unchanged and *unchangeable*. — But there is *another* law—just as *immutable*,—and that *is* that the dead shall *live*.—By the grace of *God*—these heroes who laid their lives as sacrifices upon Liberty's altar are *alive* today—they live in bronze *tablets* and in marble *monuments*,—they live in story and *song*,—they live immortal in the *ideals* and *traditions* of this American Republic,—the *richness* of whose history is only transcended by the *glory* of its destiny.—

Far above the long *lines* that surged to and fro on the blood-stained fields of Gettysburg and *Chattanooga*,—of San Juan hill and *El Caney*,—of Flanders and *Ypres*,—there was the conflict of *ideals*,—the clash of political *traditions*,—the death-grapple of contending *forces*,—battling for the preservation of *soul-convictions*.—In His *own good time* God brought *peace* out of *chaos*,—and civilization was able to see that the end *justified* the means.—

He who dreams of days of conquest ahead for this *nation*—is not keeping faith with our *fathers*,—whose one desire was that of *self-government*, unmolested by *tyrants*,—unhampered by internal *strife* and *dissention*.—OUR

MISSION IN AMERICA IS TO PRESERVE INVIO-  
LATE THAT SACRED AMBITION,—AND HAND DOWN  
THIS HERITAGE TO OUR CHILDREN,—DEDICATED  
TO THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE,—JUSTICE, AND  
RELIGION.—*Anonymous.*

PART II  
ECONOMICS, CAPITAL *and* LABOR

*The* LABOR QUESTION

**I**T is strange that in a *country*—where there are hundreds of millions of acres of *unsettled* land,—in an age when mechanical inventions have *tenfold* increased the power of *production*,—daily *bread*—and comfortable *homes*—should not be easily within the reach of *all*.—Would you behold the *saddest* spectacle of this age?—See it in the strong *man*—seeking in *vain* for a place to earn his daily *bread* by daily *toil*.—Would you discover the *danger* that threatens social *order*?—Find it in the boys of our *cities* growing up in voluntary or enforced *idleness*,—to graduate into pensioners or *out-laws*.—

Whoever will look *open-eyed* into the *future*—will see that the “*Labor question*”;—the question of directing the rising generation into channels of useful *employment*;—the question of the equitable distribution of the burdens and rewards of *labor*,—so that the *drones* shall not live upon the *workers*,—and *honest* industry may be certain of its *reward*;—the

question of making labor in *fact*,—what we call it in *speech*, *honorable*,—not only *honorable*,—but *honored*,—is the social *problem*,—far *more* important than political *questions*,—to which our age should *address* itself.—IT MUST BE INTELLIGENTLY SOLVED,—OR LIKE THE BLIND SAMSON—IT WILL BRING THE TEMPLE DOWN UPON OUR HEADS.—*Anonymous.*

## WORK

Work for its *own* sake were well worth *while*.—It saves the earth from the palsy of *inaction*,—spares the waters the doom of *stagnation*,—keeps the weeds *down* and the flowers in *bloom*.—Surely it were right to pray for *talent* to make *some* gift to human knowledge or to human *treasure*—to write a *book*,—to chisel a *statue*,—to invent a *machine*,—to isolate a *culture*—which of *itself* and apart from our *name*—would mark a step in the history of human *development*.—But that is only an *item* in life,—a *fraction* of labour.—To only *one* end does every action tell from dawn to *dark* and from dark to *dawn* again.—Upon only *one* clock are all the seconds of all the hours ticked *off*.—*Me!*—Work is for the *worker*.—The effects of the lie may perhaps be warded *off*,—

save from the liar *himself*.—Generosity may sometimes go *awry*,—but he who *gave*,—though he may know *regret*,—is richer for his *giving*.—TO HAVE DARED,—AND TO HAVE MASTERED,—OR EVEN TO HAVE FAILED,—THIS IS GROWTH.

But the things must be *done*.—Beds must be *made*,—floors *swept*,—meals *planned* and *prepared*,—garments cut and *sewed*,—and all the round of petty tasks that go unmarked when *done*,—but, left *undone*, condemn as slow or slovenly the keeper of the *house*—these *all* must be performed between the rising and the setting *sun*s.—It is most women's *duty*;—it is some women's *joy*;—it is every woman's *temptation*.—Some are irked by the *insignificance* of all they do,—and never do anything well for thinking of its *littleness*;—some are so “careful and troubled”—by the *manyness* of things falling to their hand—that they never see how *trivial* those many things *may be*.—*Few* there are who background all with that which cannot be taken *away*,—who choose some *good* part every day to illuminate the dull gray *monotony*,—who insist that night shall never *overtake* them till some labour of the spirit has justified *repose*.—*Rev. Robert Freeman.*

### *The* PROBLEM of LIVING

The great problem of to-day is the problem of *living*.—Wars have been waged for dominion over *territory*. Nations have fought for commercial *supremacy*.—Now this country is at *peace*—but the spirit of unrest persists and *grows*.—

Politicians and orators mumble over the League of *Nations* and grow bitter over political *questions*—while the *individual* writhes under unequal *distribution* and extortion over the very necessities of *life*.—Human *existence* is the vital question of the *hour* and until that question is adequately *met* and *solved*—the menace of a mighty social upheaval will *continue* to threaten our social and national *life*.—

It is an idle and *useless* performance for the speaker at a banker's *banquet*—to talk about the *iniquities* of labor.—It is an *idle* and *useless* performance for the *labor agitator* to talk to a crowd of *workingmen* about the wrongs inflicted by *capital*.—

What the assembled bankers or the assembled laborers *need* is some straight-from-the-*shoulder*—*forceful* talk about their *own* shortcomings.—*Decent* men should make it unpopular for *others*, whether laborers or *capitalists*, —to prey upon their *fellowmen*.—*Legislation*

will not do the trick.—*Laws* will not make men better.—*Honesty*,—fair *dealing* and consideration for others must come from the *heart*.

We are living—not under an aristocracy of intelligence or of *culture*,—but under an aristocracy of *wealth*,—of wealth that flaunts itself *brazenly* and vulgarly before the *public*.—WHEN PUBLIC SENTIMENT IS AROUSED TO A SENSE OF THE REAL VALUES IN LIFE,—AND NOT UNTIL THEN,—MAY WE HOPE FOR THE BETTERMENT OF MANKIND.—*Bruce Duncan*.

### *The PURSUIT of HAPPINESS*

The longer the liberated being *lives*—the less is his particular concern as to the death of the *old* year—and the birth of the *new*,—for in his *mental* calendar a *new* year begins with the sunrise of each *day*.—He has no need to make *resolutions*;—he has a fixed *orientation* and is already *resolved*.—Like William Watson's sovereign *poet*,—"he sits above the clang and dust of *time*."—And unlike the head-long *mob*—which so tremendously emphasizes *time*,—he takes little *account* of it.—The *day*,—which is all too *short* for us,—is quite long enough for *him*;—so he never is in a *hurry*.—And he does more real and worthy work in a



*week*—than the creature of hasty and noisy rattle and bluster could possibly accomplish in a *year*.—

Perhaps the great *average* of us,—with our *self-imposed* limitations,—can hardly hope to gain the high ground of the *liberated*,—*catholic man*,—but there are worthy things that we *can* do in this new year of grace 1920,—and *one* of them is to increase,—if by only a *tithe*,—the sum of human *happiness*.—

“Happy New Year!”—we wish each other on the first day of *January*.—How would it *be* if we made the same wish on the *second*,—the *third*—and *every* day of the month and of the *year*?—We might not *voice* it,—but, what is *better*,—we might *live* it and *express* it in our *warm*,—sympathetic and kindly *gaze* into the eyes of a *friend*.—

At the risk of being accused of *pragmatism*,—let me say that it is not only your *duty* to make others happy,—but it is also your duty to make *yourself* happy.—Your chances of becoming a useful citizen, if you are not *already* one,—are certainly *increased* by a felicitous state of mind.

One might twist the old copybook maxim, “Be *good* and you will be *happy*,”—to—“Be *happy* and you will be *good*.”—Yes, and

*healthy*, too;—for physicians are agreed that a condition of *cheerfulness* reacts favorably upon *all* the bodily functions.—

“Life,—liberty—and the pursuit of *happiness*.”—These are the “inalienable *rights*”—so stoutly contended for by our forefathers in a certain time-yellowed *document* of little import in this *ragtime* age,—though, after all,—happiness is fair game for human pursuit and *most* of us think we are *pursuing* it.—Always—as we step from stage to stage of our earthly *career*—we talk of *bettering* ourselves,—though the betterment may be merely *monetary* and the step thus taken only a *backward* one.—

If *money* meant happiness—then the multi-millionaire would be the most *blessed* of men,—but all the *poets*—and every great philosopher from Confucius to *Carlyle* have denied that the pursuit of *wealth* is in any degree akin to the pursuit of *happiness*;—and on his *death-bed*,—if not *before*,—the average millionaire accepts their *dicta*.—

Always it has seemed to me that the most *joyous* people—those that may be *really* and *truly* listed among the happy—though they may enjoy a competence, are rarely possessed of great *riches*.—*No*; the hell of *not* making money is not a place of blazing torment to *everybody*.—

Never have I met a *true* member of the intelligencia who worried very much about *wealth* or who was not ready to regard with *pity* the ravening rush for it by those who take *Mammon*,—"the least erected spirit" of Milton,—and set him upon a *pedestal*.

The mistake *most* of us make is that we think we are pursuing *happiness* when we are merely pursuing *pleasure*.—The American youth or maiden who is always bent upon having a "*good time*" falls into the *same* error.—For a perpetual round of "good times" would inevitably result in *unhappiness*,—not only because of the reaction from *excess*,—but because of the unfulfilled duties it would *involve*.—

Happiness is more positive and *permanent*, more serene and *rational* than *pleasure*.—There is *vicious* pleasure,—but never vicious *happiness*.—Pleasure is a *cheap*,—*transient* affair and may be attained by material *acquisition*,—but it is a mistake to believe that *happiness* can arise from the mere *possession* of something.—It can rarely be gained save by unselfish *service*.—"THERE IS NO HAPPINESS,"—DRUMMOND SAYS,—*"IN HAVING OR IN GETTING,—BUT ONLY IN GIVING."*—*Bailey Mil-lard*.

## ERADICATION of POVERTY

A professor of economics predicted that "a day will come when *poverty* will be as obsolete as *slavery*."—

He bases his belief on his historical studies and his personal *investigation* of charitable methods in vogue *today*,—and is *convinced* that the effort now being made to get at the *causes* of poverty—are in the right *direction*, and that they will lead to a solution of the whole *problem*.—

If he had defined the word *poverty* with exactness—it might be possible to assent to his assumption that it can be *eradicated*.—If he limits its meaning to actual *want* and *suffering* he will find *plenty* to agree with him that the world is steadily marching in the direction he *indicates*.—

But there is no *probability* of an early agreement as to what *constitutes* poverty.—Compared with the sufferings and privations endured by people a few *centuries* ago,—when starvation often stared the *provident* in the face,—and when the well-to-do enjoyed fewer comforts than the inmate of a modern *almshouse*,—it may be said that the condition no longer *exists*.—

As a matter of *fact*—the word poverty no

longer describes a condition of *absolute* want and *suffering*.—Persons who find it necessary to *struggle* to get along in the world are regarded as *poor* and are often the unconscious objects of a *sympathy* which they do not seek or *desire*.—

Few people reflect that modern progress has completely *changed* the mental attitude of man toward *poverty*.—A very few centuries ago it was esteemed an *honor* to be poor,—and the easiest path to heaven was that traveled by the *beggar*.—Today it is accounted by many a *disgrace* to receive alms,—and the efforts of the charitably disposed are *frustrated* by the disposition to conceal *real* want when it *exists*.—

That this latter *can* be and *is* systematically relieved when *discovered* is *undeniable*.—That there will always be concealments while the sentiment against receiving alms endures is *certain*.—Whether it is desirable that the sentiment should be supplanted by a perfect *willingness* to make known the existence of needs and by a readiness to receive *aid* is a moot question.—

In pagan Rome the state practically *recognized* the right of the people to *exist* and to *enjoy* themselves.—So far as *practicable* food

and amusement were provided for the *masses*,—and the attempt was successfully made to remove the feeling of *obligation*.—Historians have united in asserting that this practice was one of the principal sources of the *decadence* of the Romans,—and they have been unsparing in their criticism of a *system* which they assume resulted in the degradation of the *people*.—

Whether “bread and the *circus*” had the effect *assumed*—it is not necessary to discuss *here*,—but it may be asserted with confidence that by no *other* method can the suffering due to poverty be *averted*.—The plans of *collectivists* can never accomplish that *result*,—because they strike at the only possible mode of making the world sufficiently *productive* to meet the needs of a growing *population*.—They all propose to *eliminate* the stimulus to exertion supplied by the love of *gain*,—and whenever this is done disaster *results*.—

THERE IS NO INSTANCE ON RECORD OF A SOCIETY FLOURISHING UNDER A SYSTEM IN WHICH THE OPPORTUNITIES FOR PERSONAL GAIN HAVE BEEN HAMPERED.—There are,—however,—*many* cases recorded of attempts to equalize conditions which have had as their outcome general suffering and degrading *poverty*.—

It is conceivable that modern productive ability may be developed to *such* an extent that enough will be produced to provide for the wants of *everybody*.—But that result *cannot* be attained by placing restrictions on the incentive to *gain*.—*Without* that stimulus there would be a *diminution* of productive energy,—and a condition resembling that of the *Middle Ages*,—when population was *stationary* and poverty the *common* lot,—would be *inevitable*.—

The tremendous stimulus of love of *gain* has enormously developed the inventive *faculty* and has released tremendous stores of human *energy* which *without* that incentive would have lain *dormant*.—If there is no unreasonable interference with the acquisitive *instinct*—which strengthens with hope of *reward*,—we may hope to see the past marvels of productivity *surpassed*.—If they are,—experience tells us that human conditions will be further *ameliorated*,—and if “poverty” cannot be wholly *eradicated*—we shall at least be able to take away the most of its *sting*.—

By this method *only* can the desired result be *achieved*.—A successful effort to destroy the incentive which is responsible for the enormous productivity of modern *times*—would

cause history to *repeat* itself by bringing about the common *misery* and *discomfort* which the world *must* experience when those who inhabit it do not exert themselves to the *utmost*.—*John P. Young.*

## NO BACKWARD STEP

It is unwise to mix altruism and *economics*,—but it is the *extreme* of folly to elevate to the *first* place that which in the very *nature* of things—cannot be successfully practiced—unless a condition is *created* which permits that which otherwise would be *impossible*.—No civilization of which we have any *positive* knowledge came into existence through the practice of *altruism*.—All of those *experiments* recorded in history as efforts for the betterment of human *conditions* were made after society—through *prosperity*—attained to a consciousness of the desirability of making everybody *happy*.—Such a desire could hardly exist in a community in which misery and *want* were *general*.—

The North American Indian could not have been *conscious* of his wretched condition—before the country over which he roamed was invaded by the *white man*.—He had always



been familiar with *privation* and was *inured* to it,—and had no conception of *another* state.—It is probable that he might have inhabited the land for many *thousands* of years without attaining to a knowledge of any mode of life *superior* to that lived by him before the discovery of the *region* which afforded him such scant *subsistence* that his numbers probably remained stationary during a long *period*.—He did not *improve* much while maintained in a state of dependence by our *Government*,—but since he has been thrown on his *own* resources he has exhibited signs of *progress* which indicate the possession of *capacity*—and suggest that if he *had succeeded* in escaping his tribal *limitations* he might have emerged from savagery long before the occupation of the land by *Europeans*.—

There are now settlements of Indians—in which the individualistic principle is allowed full *play*,—and their members generally are living much more *comfortably* than when their tribal usages were *maintained*,—although there may be *some* of their number who are steeped in *poverty*.—It would be *difficult*,—however,—to prove that the misery of the *latter* is in any wise due to the improved condition of the more *prosperous*,—or that the provident

and *comfortable* enjoyed their *superior* condition at the expense of those who *failed*.—A comparison of the conditions existing before and after the resort to *individualism* would *undoubtedly* show that its effects were to *lift* some out of the wretched state in which they were *plunged*,—and that the *unsuccessful*—*miserable* ones were no *worse* off than when the tribal relations were *maintained*.—

There is no disposition to compare the mode of life of a *people*—as low in the scale of civilization as the North American *Indian* with that which *might* be adopted by a highly *developed* race resolved upon abandoning the methods by which its development was *attained*.—The only purpose in citing *Indian* backwardness, and the change made by a resort to *individualism*,—is to emphasize the *fact*;—which many refuse to *comprehend*,—that the success of a *portion* of society is not responsible for the failure of the *unsuccessful*,—and that some *must* be more successful than *others* to lift society out of the depths of a *common misery*.—

IT CANNOT BE REPEATED TOO OFTEN THAT SOME INCENTIVE IS NECESSARY TO MAKE THE CAPABLE EXERT THEMSELVES FOR THE GENERAL GOOD.—The world at different times has attempted to find a *better* inducement than that

of personal *gain* to accomplish this *end*,—but always *without* success.—History is *filled* with examples of retrogression due to the mistaken *idea* that the elimination of wealth *inequalities* would improve human *conditions*.—The *invariable* result of such experiments has been the diminution of *production*,—a condition which in *one* noteworthy case had to be met during *centuries* by teaching that the most *admirable* of men were professional *beggars*,—and that the ones most to be *envied* were those who practiced self denial in this world because they would be rewarded in the *next*.—

If Marx and *other* socialists were ready to assent to the belief that self-denial and misery here below are *desirable* because they pave the way to a *better life*—they would be *consistent* in demanding the removal of *inequalities*,—but they *scout* such a suggestion—and *insist* that their aim is the *physical* betterment of man,—which makes their proposition a purely *economic* one.—All their arguments must be subjected to the test embodied in *one* question:—Would their proposed change result in increased *production*?—As it is not *conceivable* that it would,—and on the *other* hand it is reasonably *certain* that the demand for a distribution of *wealth*—which would bring about an

*equalization* of conditions would *impair* productivity by consuming the means of *production*, it is not probable that a *sane* society will consent to take the *backward* step.—John P. Young.

### The FUNCTION of CAPITAL

The defect in the reasoning of Marx and his followers,—and for *that* matter of the classical economists,—consists in elevating to the *first* place in their consideration of the subject of the welfare of *society*,—the question of *distribution*.—It is a clear case of putting the *cart* before the *horse*,—and has resulted in concentrating attention on the *distribution* of things—rather than upon the best mode of stimulating the *production* of things to be *distributed*.—

Had the Socialists who advocated the economic interpretation of *history*,—instead of searching out the *evils* which they attributed to *inequitable* distribution of wealth,—devoted themselves to the study of the causes why so *few* things were produced during the long period between the decline of the industrial energy of the *Romans*—and the dawn of modern *Humanism*—they could not have *escaped*

the conclusion that the *major* part of the privation of the Middle Ages was due,—not to *unfairness* of distribution,—but to the scarcity of things *distributable*.—

That this scarcity *existed* during the greater part of a thousand *years* we have positive historical *testimony*,—but *more* convincing than any direct *statement* is the intrinsic evidence contained in the *fact* that during this long *period* population was practically at a *standstill*.—It is *puerile* to assign this arrestment to any *other* cause than the failure to *produce*.—The charge that it was due to *superstition*,—barbarian *invasions*,—*Pestilences* or unavoidable *misfortunes* will not bear *analysis*,—for there is *abundant* proof that they had all operated in a *larger* degree at an *earlier* period without hindering *progress*,—and that they were *powerless* to retard advancement *after* the Renaissance.—

The stagnation of the Middle Ages is *easily* comprehended by the student who will take the trouble to *note* that the *greatest* stimulant to production,—namely, the desire for *gain*,—was almost wholly *extinguished* during the mediaeval *period*;—and,—curiously *enough*,—its extinction was brought about through the application of a *remedy* for fancied economic

evils, which Marx's followers imagine was first suggested by *that* agitator.—

It was not barbarian invasions or *superstition* that brought on the troubles of the Middle *Ages*.—It was the almost complete *destruction* of the incentive to *produce*.—In *other* words, —religious teachers and legislators alike strove *unceasingly* to destroy or prevent the accumulation of *capital*.—Usury in *any* form was made *odious* and was ultimately forbidden by the *church*.—

Under *such* conditions it would have been *extraordinary* if enterprise of the sort exhibited after the *removal* of the incubus had been *displayed*.—In the very *nature* of things the *repression* of capacity and energy resulted.—The interdiction of *usury* made inevitable the hand to mouth method of *life* the chief characteristic of the *mediaeval* period.—The incentive to *accumulate* being *removed* commerce *dwindled*, and finally the interchange of commodities became so *localized* that it was little better than primitive *barter*.—Opulent cities shrank to the proportions of *villages*,—and the declining *population* sought refuge for their self-created evils by accepting *serfdom*.—

During this period of economic *darkness* equitable distribution was *ideal*.—The beggar

could knock at the *convent* gate and virtually *demand* food and *shelter*,—and he received what he asked for while it *lasted*.—But the quantities to be distributed were *small* and could only be made to go around by *nature* accommodating itself to the condition which the folly of man *created*.—There was little preaching about race suicide in *those* days,—but after a thousand *years* or so of assault on the vice of *usury* the Western world contained no *more* people than at the *beginning* of the period.—

It would be a *mistake* to suppose that men ceased their efforts to *produce* during this benighted *period*.—There is plenty of evidence to the *contrary* which permits us to *infer* that those who had the greatest *abhorrence* of usury,—earnestly strove *themselves*, and tried to induce *others*, to make the soil yield its *fruits*.—But the zeal of the reformer was *powerless* to accomplish *that* which the desire for *gain* achieves.—The results of the most strenuous efforts of the *producers* of the *Middle Ages*—were *insignificant* by comparison with those of our *own* day,—and the lot of the most favored *mediaeval* was less comfortable than that of the modern day *laborer*.—

THE DAWN OF THE NEW ERA OF ADVANCE-

MENT DATES FROM THE ABANDONMENT OF THE WAR ON CAPITAL.—When *usury* instead of being *condemned* was sanctioned by *law* the *new* birth occurred.—Under the stimulus of the desire for *gain* men incessantly work to obtain *more* than they *need*.—If the excess were in some way *absorbed* by them or *wasted*—this might be fairly regarded as an *evil*,—but the success of capitalism *depends* upon *producing* not for its owner *only*, but for the society at large.—*John P. Young.*

### CAPITALISM *Is* Not PHILANTHROPIC

When we examine the result of the exertions of *capitalists*,—we promptly discover that the general society is the chief *beneficiary*,—and not the *individual* who puts forth energy or gives the world the benefit of his *ingenuity*. The *capitalist*,—however,—is *not* to be regarded as a *philanthropist* on *that* account.—and does not often consider himself in that *light*.—It is only when he *ceases* to make the highest beneficial use of his *capital* that he is looked *upon* or considers himself as a *benefactor*.—When he *dissipates* his capital by distributing it among the *needy*,—his benevolence



is *praised*;—when he keeps it employed in the work of *production*,—thus increasing the opportunities of the masses to *consume*,—he is denounced as *greedy*,—and held up to *scorn* as a man standing in the way of *others* getting their just share of satisfaction *units*.—

It is not *probable* that any considerable number of *capitalists* consciously work toward the end they undoubtedly *achieve* of augmenting the satisfaction units of the general *society*.—There may be *some* who, to placate their minds and to rid themselves of the uneasy feeling created by *criticism*,—attempt to discover an *altruistic* motive for their continued unnecessary *exertion*,—but the *major* part,—perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say nearly *all*,—of those who *accumulate* are actuated by *selfish* motives,—whose only modification is the desire to provide for kin or immediate *dependents*.—

It cannot be said that capitalists are like *bees*,—which instinctively store *honey*,—for they do not respond to a *blind* impulse,—except in *abnormal* cases.—Occasionally a *genuine* instance is presented of a man accumulating for the mere sake of *accumulation*,—but such abnormalities as the true *miser*,—on investigation,—will be found to be victims of the dread of the consequences of *poverty*.—The

worship of the gold which they *hoard* is homage to a deity they think will preserve them from *want*.—

The capitalist has a well-defined *motive* in accumulating beyond a certain *point*.—Primarily—he is impelled by knowledge of the *fact* that unless he makes provision for the *future*, he will become a *dependent*,—and he seeks to avert that fate by exercising his *ingenuity* and putting forth his *energy*.—Thus far his prescience does not accomplish more for society at *large* than the instinctive action of the *bee* in storing up *honey*—does for the inmates of the hive of which it is a *member*;—not until impelled by that remarkable product of a true *democracy*—the desire for *distinction*,—does the human accumulator begin to work for his *fellow man*.—

A colony of bees is a *natural* monarchy;—the instinct of the subjects impels them to work for the maintenance of the kingdom of the *hive*.—They accept the queen *imposed* upon them,—and, incidentally,—they put up with the *drones*.—The theory of divine *right* finds a remarkable exemplification in the economy of the *bees*.—Their monarch is *provided* for them, and the only apparent business of the *subject* bees is to *work*, and eat and *die*.—

The community established by them is very *interesting*,—but not *admirable* enough to be imitated by *man*,—although constantly held up by socialists as a *model*.—

The gainful impulse which is at the bottom of *capitalism*, always has a tendency toward the *democratization* of society.—When it *asserts* itself in a *contrary* fashion,—it is impelled to do so by the desire for *protection*.—In countries where *no* restraint is placed on the accumulative *disposition*,—despotism is *impossible*,—for strong men constantly come to the top and assert *themselves*.—*Successful* accumulation creates an *aristocracy* which throws down the barriers of *heredity*.—

During the long period in which the divine right of *kings* was *recognized*,—and *heredity* was made a *fetish*,—the accumulative disposition was *dormant*.—As soon as the desire for *gain* asserted itself,—the distinctions of blood became *weakened*,—and in our *own* days we see kings willing to take the tonic which the capitalist is able to *administer*,—and which,—to *all* appearances,—is regarded as *necessary* to the preservation of royalty as “blood and iron.”—

“Plutocracy” ceases to be an object of *dread* when no restraints are placed on the accumula-

tive *tendency*.—The direct result of the struggle to acquire *wealth* in countries of great *resources* is to create so many *men of means*—that the establishment of an oligarchy—of the *rich* would be *impossible*.—It is owing to *this* fact that men,—or the families of men of great *riches*,—find the United States *unattractive*—and betake themselves to *Europe*, where their money can purchase a *distinction* which wealth cannot buy in nations where honors are not *inheritable*.—

WEALTH,—INSTEAD OF BEING A CREATOR OF CLASS DISTINCTIONS,—IS THE GREATEST LEVELING AGENCY IN CIVILIZED COUNTRIES.—It can buy titles and exercises the privilege with a frequency which has *cheapened* them.—The rapid *creation* and *diffusion* of wealth has done more to put all men on the same political *plane* than any other *agency*.—Its *owners*,—in order to protect their property and *persons*,—have been compelled to take the whole society into *partnership*,—thus practically wiping out all honorific *distinctions*.—If the opportunities to acquire great wealth are *restricted*,—the inevitable result will be a recrudescence to a *caste* system.—It would easily be brought about by those who had climbed to the *top*—pushing down the ladder by which they had *ascended*.—*John P. Young*.

*The RIGOR of the GAME*

What a story Captain John Gilmour—the British flier,—could tell of hair-breadth 'scapes over the German flood and *field!*—Gilmour's was one of the *greatest* tests of aviation endurance during the great war.—He flew almost *continually* for nine *months* over the French and British *fronts*—and is officially credited with downing *thirty-four* enemy planes,—*five* of these being sent crashing to earth within one *hour*. —

*Think* of the endurance of such a *man?*—And *yet*,—as was seen during his recent visit to San *Francisco*,—he is not endowed with remarkable *physique*.—Like any *other* man who has passed through long periods of nervous and mental *strain*,—he will tell you that it is not enthusiasm and *energy*,—but staying power that *counts*.—Many of us have that staying power but do not *realize* it.—We are too prone to take into account what we consider our *limitations*.—

"I can do about *so much*,"—you will hear a man or woman say,—"*and then* I have to give myself a *holiday*." —

Now *most* of these limitations are self-imposed.—In *many* cases they could be indefi-

ninitely *extended*—if we but lost sight of them for a *while* and maintained our *interest* in our work,—and were not occasionally letting our minds run upon that holiday or those few hours at *golf*—or *tennis*—or *motoring*. Golf, tennis and motoring are all *good* in their way,—but it is *labor*—real physical and mental *labor*—that keeps a man *going*.

Believe in the *rest* cure if you will,—but a greater cure is the *work* cure.—To rest is to *rust*.—It results in imperfect *metabolism*.—Tissue cannot be *renewed* without first being partly broken *down*.—The indolent mind becomes *weak* and so does the indolent *muscle*. How could such men as Alexander Graham Bell,—Thomas A. Edison and Luther Burbank,—all well over *seventy*,—keep up their wonderful work without that exercise of their powers which makes them fit for their daily *tasks*?—When you hear a man say,—“As soon as I reach *fifty* I’m going to *retire*,”—that is your cue for *remarking*,—“When you reach *fifty* you are going to do no such *thing*.—You will have no *thought* of it.—If by any chance you *should* get out of harness—you will long to get *back* into it and probably *will*.” —

I knew a bond broker who retired at *sixty*.—He was in good *health*,—but he had set that

age as his *limit*.—He retired and died in three years—rusted out.—

Men of today *know* these things,—or *ought* to know them.—That is *one* reason for that modern longevity which you read *about*.—People are more willing to remain in *harness* than formerly.—For the race it is a tremendously hopeful *sign*.—

Then,—too,—we are hearing less about that bugaboo of *overwork*.—In ninety-nine cases out of a *hundred*—it is not *overwork* that kills,—but over-*indulgence* in some habit that tends to a morbid or abnormal *state*.—But even here are *paradoxes*.—I know a man of sixty-eight—who is sound of *body*—who, all his mature life, has been a great *worker*,—a great *smoker*,—an eminent judge of good *liquor*—and who finds it hard to go to *bed*,—yet who can turn out more work than many a *younger* person.—This man had a steady-going brother without a *vice*—a sturdy fellow,—capable of good *work*,—who always went to bed *early*,—never *smoked*—or *drank*,—ate right and lived *right*.—Yet this brother retired at fifty and *died*.—He rusted *out*.—There is no *moral* in this story.—It is rather immoral, but it is *true*.—

WHAT KEEPS HARD-WORKING MEN GOING MOST OF ALL IS "THE RIGOR OF THE GAME."—

This phrase, used in *this* sense, is an adaptation from Charles *Lamb*,—who used it in his essay on *whist*.—But what a tremendous significance it has when applied to human *labor*!—

The rigor of the *game*!—The tensivity of *interest*,—the concentration, the ardent *application*,—the immersion in the *business* at hand—how much more alive is one who *feels* these things than he who knows them *not*!—Is anything more *inspiring*?—In the consideration of life and the conditions of *survival*,—is there anything that should be more seriously taken into *account*?—True, there are those of indolent nature who have reached ripe old *age*,—but what kind of lives have they *enjoyed*?—Have they ever really *lived*?—

As for *sustaining* force—the kind that was needed by Captain John Gilmour, the aviator, in making that wonderful record of nine months' fighting above the *battlefield*,—aside from all knowledge, skill and *tact*, what was there that could have aided his dauntless spirit and kept him to his terrible task, unconscious of *peril*,—like the rigor of the *game*?—*Bailey Millard*.

### *The SPIRIT that QUICKENETH*

How we are fooled by *phrases*!—Take those dear old *catch-words*,—"second *wind*."—A



number of foot-racers will be running around a *track*.—One of them will lag behind for a *while*,—falter along, then suddenly increase his *speed*,—spurt *ahead*,—break the tape ten yards to the *good*—and win the *cup*.—

What did “second wind” *mean* in such a case?—Was it a mere matter of revived *respiration*?—No.—It meant that the runner plucked up *spirit*,—made a new *determination* to win,—and, *full* of this determination,—animated his flagging *feet*—and sent them flying forward to such good *purpose*—that he left all his competitors *behind*.—Given as *strong* a pair of legs,—each of the others,—with the same *spirit*,—could have made a better *record*,—and he,—in *turn*, might have been *out-distanced*.

When Fanny Workman climbed to the summit of *Nun Kun*,—in the Himalaya range, an altitude of 23,300 *feet*,—the highest record for *women* and almost the highest for *men*,—what was it that best equipped her for the *task*?—Not *physique*—for she was but a *frail* woman;—not a superior *outfit*,—for she carried but the barest of *necessities*;—not favorable *weather*,—for she fought her way up through a heavy *storm*.—It was a heart full of that *spirit* which wins against all *obstacles*.—

What made Annie S. Peck,—after two former *unsuccessful* efforts,—in one of which she nearly lost her *life*,—climb to the top of precipitous Huarascan in *Peru* and establish yet *another* record for women—21,812 feet—higher than any *man* ever had climbed on this *hemisphere*?—That dauntless *spirit*,—that grim determination to play the *game*,—which conquers all *things*.—

What enabled Florence *Nightingale*,—the forerunner of the noble Red Cross *workers*, to work day and night in unhealthy hospitals in the *Crimea*,—standing on her feet at times for *twenty* hours at a *stretch*,—incessantly laboring among frightful scenes and amid awful *mortality*?—Why was she able to give to many a soldier *life* and *strength*—while she expended her own physical and mental *forces* that he might go forth again to join his *comrades*?—*Spirit*—nothing but *spirit*.

Another foolish *phrase*,—"The Lord is on the side of the army with the heaviest *guns*,"—has been rendered meaningless *many* a time in actual *warfare*.—It was so when Cromwell triumphed at Preston *battle*,—when he had but 8,000 men against an army of 21,000, as well equipped as any of the field forces of those *times*.—

Washington, with raw *recruits*,—contending against disciplined and *overwhelming* forces,—turned the tide of battle after battle against the *enemy*.—The *spirit*,—not the skill and numbers of the American *troops* was such that from the retreat at *Lexington* to the surrender at *Yorktown*,—in 24 engagements,—the American losses in the field were but 8,000,—while those of the *British* were not less than 25,000.—

The enemies of *Napoleon*,—in all the battles they waged *against* him,—had not merely to deal with troops and *cannon*,—but with the indomitable *spirit* of a commander-in-chief ready to fight on *any* terms and at *all times*—a man who slept so *little* that he wore out his *aides* who, with less fervor, required more *rest*.—

Did you ever hear Patti sing “*Il Bacio*”?—Or Caruso voice the tragic wail of Canio in “*I Pagliacci*”?—Then you heard,—not mere words or *notes*,—you heard the spirit of divine *art*.—If music were pure *technique*, the playing of Paderewski or *Heifetz* would make no greater appeal than the *phonograph*.—And do you fancy that anyone can lead a Sousa march but *Sousa*?—

When you look at a Turner landscape—can

you not always see Turner and the spirit that moved him in his wonderful *work*?—It is not merely,—as sung by Realf,—that

“Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and *hidden*.”—

He is *revealed* and the soul of *him*.—But we can find no fault with the line in the *same* poem,—

“Space is as nothing to *spirit*, the deed is outdone by the *doing*.”—

For this is *so*;—we see the undying soul of it shining through it *all*.—

THE SOUL OF THE SCULPTOR IS SEEN IN HIS MASTERPIECE,—ELSE IT IS NOT A MASTERPIECE, AND THE SOUL OF THE POET IS VOICED BY HIS VERSE, ELSE IT IS NOT POETRY.—

Shelley saw in his “Skylark” not a bird, but a *spirit*.—

“Hail to thee, blithe *spirit*!—  
Bird thou never *wert*.”—

When Beckford wrote his wonderful “*Vathek*”—he finished the long romance at a *sitting*, writing as he says, “three days and two *nights*.—I never took off my clothes the whole *time*.”—Literature does not demand *such* heroism,—and it was not to fill a publisher’s order

that he worked in this terrible *way*.—It was the spirit that carried him *forward*.—And it was this same spirit that actuated *Balzac*,—*Stevenson*—and other writers who denied the claims of the *body* in their hard toil and set them at *naught*.—

So,—too,—in such nerve-trying tests of endurance as those of *Peary*,—*Abruzzi* and *Stefansson*.—So, too, with our own John *Muir*—in his exploration of the dangerous *glaciers*.—So, too, in many an enterprise where men have smiled grimly at privation and *danger*—and pressed on to the goal of their *dreams*.—

“It is the spirit that *quickeneth*; the flesh profiteth *nothing*.”—*Bailey Millard*.

## PRESSURE of POPULATION

Gibbon, in one of those side remarks which he meant should be *illuminating*,—but which, owing to the absence of exact information only tend to *confuse*,—has told us:—“It has been calculated by the ablest *politicians*—that no state, without being soon *exhausted*, can maintain above the hundredth part of its members in arms and *idleness*.” The term idleness is very *vague*,—not to say *meaningless*,—used in this *connection*.—The historian could not

have meant to imply that ninety-nine out of every *hundred* of the population must work at some productive *employment*—in order to maintain *existence*.—That would be *absurd*,—for even in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century,—near the time when *Malthus* was working out his dismal *theory* of the inevitableness of population pressing on the limit of *subsistence*,—things were not so *bad* but what a *large* part of the inhabitants of every civilized *country* could take their *ease* while the rest occupied themselves in useful *occupations*.—

What Gibbon probably *meant*,—although he did not so *state*,—was that in his *time* the maintenance of a standing army and the support of an office-holding *class* exceeding the proportions he *mentioned*—would prove destructive to the prosperity of a *nation*. Perhaps the politicians to whom he *alludes*—included in their estimate the leisure *class* who were supported by the toil of *others*.—If they embraced these *three* bodies of the social organization in their *calculation*,—we shall *still* have reason to suspect the accuracy of the *estimate*,—unless we *conclude*,—as we reasonably *may*,—THAT CONDITIONS HAVE VASTLY IMPROVED SINCE THE AUTHOR OF THE “DECLINE AND FALL” WROTE,—AND THAT THE WORLD

NOW GETS ALONG MUCH MORE COMFORTABLY THAN IT DID IN THE LAST HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—

Taking *France* as an illustration,—we find that with a population of 40,000,000 in round figures she was able to support a standing army of 558,900 and a naval force of 50,000 in 1906.—In the *same* year she had a list of aided paupers numbering 1,178,327.—Perhaps all of these were not *absolutely* dependent,—but it is tolerably *certain* that when the ineffectives and unfortunates are all *counted* the number will not be found much less than that *indicated*.—And when to these *two* categories are added that part of the civil list which adorns *office* without particularly serving the *people*,—and the leisure class, we may easily discover that the French state now supports in idleness *six* or *eight* times as many as the politicians of Gibbon's day thought *could* be maintained.—

It concerns the present generation to know *why* modern states are able to accomplish with *ease* that which the politicians of the eighteenth century thought *impossible*.—It is certainly something of an *achievement* to have dissipated the serious fears which the theories and speculations of Malthus *aroused*.—While *every one* capable of working out an ordinary

arithmetical problem is quite ready to *accede* to the proposition that population under certain conditions might outgrow the means of *subsistence*,—the possibilities outlined by *Malthus*,—while they still form the subject of discussion,—no longer excite *alarm*.—The fears which were entertained have *vanished* and in their place has grown up an *optimism* which disregards biological *warnings* and placidly assumes that in some way or *other* the ingenuity of man will be equal to the task of providing for the maintenance of a constantly expanding number of *inhabitants*.—*John P. Young.*



PART III  
RELIGION *and* ETHICS

A LARGER GOSPEL

**S**TRANGE *tales* come to me from the great World struggle.—I hear of a *Jewish chaplain* holding up the cross before a dying *Christian* soldier.—I hear of a *Protestant* minister—receiving the confession of a *Catholic*—about to enter *battle*.—I hear of an *Indian* priest—comforting the last moments of a *western* warrior.—

What these things portend I *know not*.—Perhaps from the pit and furnace of *death*—Humanity may emerge with a *larger* gospel.—Perhaps from the pangs of tears and *bitterness*—shall be born a greater *love*.—Perhaps beyond the Valley of *Desolation*—the wearied eyes of *Humanity* may see the *mountain peaks*—touched with the light of a *gentler* dawn—and out of the *storm* which now rages about mankind,—the voice of *God* may give forth a *new* word—which all men may hear and *understand* in common.—*Who* shall say?—*Milton Goldsmith*.

## RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Before there can be a common *religion*,—even though it be based on the highest ethical *grounds*,—there must be that harmonious recognition of each person's *right* to his *own* religious belief through which *alone* unity can be wrought out of *diversity*.—Religious *liberty*,—in the *fullest* sense,—must therefore be our *first* goal on the road to *any* universal religion on this *earth*.—FORTUNATELY,—IN THIS COUNTRY,—THE FOUNDERS AND FRIENDS OF OUR REPUBLIC—HAVE FROM THE START PROCLAIMED AND EXPOUNDED THE DOCTRINE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Little that is *new* can be said about *Washington*.—We all know that he embodied that *rarest* of combinations,—a union of goodness with *greatness*. A characteristic of Washington, which is perhaps *less* known than his other traits,—was his devotion to religious *liberty*.—Once—*before* the Revolution,—when directing the manager of his plantations to obtain a *servant*,—he wrote that the man selected must be competent and *reliable*,—but that it did not matter *what* his religious belief was,—whether he were *Christian*,—*Jew*,—*Mohammedan* or *Pagan*.—On *another* occasion—he pointed out that it would be *absurd* for those

who were fighting for liberty—to interfere with liberty of *conscience*.—*Especially* notable in this direction were his letters to the Jewish and the *Catholic* congregations—in answer to addresses of congratulation on his accession to the *Presidency*.—

Particularly touching in his letter to the historic Jewish congregation at *Newport*,—then of commercial prominence and *promise*,—was his reference to the Jew as having been forced to wander over the *earth*,—but as finding in *this* country,—an asylum and a *refuge*,—where in the words of the prophet—he could sit under his *own* vine and fig-tree,—and there should be none to make him *afraid*.—*Nathan Newmark*.

## RELIGION *and* the NATION

The nineteenth century began with an enthusiasm for *nature*.—As a result of scientific *investigation*,—we have a *new* apprehension of the immanence of God.—Astronomers have swept the heavens with their *telescopes*,—only to find *God*.—Geologists have scanned the broken *rocks*,—only to find *God*.—Chemists have made careful experiment in *laboratory*,—only to find *God*.

The twentieth century begins with an enthusiasm for *humanity*,—just as if human nature were not a *part* of nature,—and the *best* part.—God witnesses to Himself in *man*.—I do not hold,—with many called *Christian*,—that man is the child of the *devil*.—On the *contrary*,—I believe that this is *God's* world,—and that it is *good*,—and that man is the child of *God*,—and that there is a *divinity* within, which answers to the divinity *without*, so that there is correspondence between God and *man*,—which is *religion*.—Emerson said,—years ago,—“The defect of our education and religion *is*,—that we have ignored the *sacredness* of man.”

MY PLEA IS FOR A CHRISTIANITY THAT INCLUDES ALL THE FUNCTIONS OF NATIONAL LIFE,—AS WELL AS THE NARROWER ROUND OF PERSONAL DUTY.—For example,—we need to Christianize the *money power*.—Commerce cannot safely remain pagan *forever*.—We are a *young* nation.—England goes back a thousand years to *Alfred*.—France goes back more than a thousand years to *Charlemagne*.—China has an unbroken record of *four* thousand years—of existence;—and *six* thousand years have elapsed since the first Pharaoh ascended his throne in *Egypt*.—By the standard

of *years*,—we are very *young*.—But by the standard of achievement and *progress*—we are as old as the *oldest*, for we have,—under the hand of *God*,—wrought miracles in commerce and *manufacture*,—in education and *religion*.—Shall we give the world a Christian *civilization*?—The Slavonic peoples say, “The Anglo-Saxons have done their *best*,—and their best is a commercial *civilization*.”—It is not too *late* for us to lay the hand of consecration on business and commerce and manufactures,—and *spiritualize* them,—so that the secular may become *sacred*.

The religion of *competition* is giving way to the religion of amity and *co-operation*.—Surely, this is a prophecy of the *future*,—when, united in *one* spirit,—we march together under the banner of the *Cross*—for the glory of *God* and the uplifting of *mankind*.—*Rev. Dr. Baker.*

## FUNERAL ORATION

“How is the strong staff *broken*,—and the beautiful *rod*.”—A monarch of the *forest*—that towered in serene and unconscious majesty above its *fellows*—has *fallen*.—

A star of the *first* magnitude—that shone

with steady and *unfailing* light has *set* below the horizon.—

A strain of *music*—that thrilled our souls and ravished our *hearts*—has melted into a sweet and tender *memory*.—That eye of *beauty*—that burned with indignation or beamed with *love*—is *lusterless*,—those lips of eloquence are *mute*,—that bewitching voice of melody is *hushed*,—and God's blessed peace has smoothed away the sweat of agony from that imperial *brow*.—

We come,—his brethren and *friends*,—from all *conditions* of men,—to pay to our dead brother the tribute of our love and *tears*,—from the high courts of *justice*,—Federal and *state*,—wherein he stood a worthy minister of the *law*;—from the hall of *fraternity*,—which to him was a sanctuary of duty and *religion*;—from the temple of *art*,—at whose shrine he bowed a worshipful *devotee*;—from school and academy and *university*,—whose high purposes he proclaimed and in which he saw the state's safety and *glory*;—from the avenues of *peace*,—which he *adorned*,—and the ranks of war, in which he *marched*,—we come to discharge the last sad offices the *living* owe the *dead*.—

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE AWFUL MYSTERY

OF DEATH—A MYSTERY WHICH FAITH ALONE CAN SOLVE—MY LIPS WOULD FAIN BE SILENT.—But his brothers and *mine*,—men who knew him long and loved him *well*,—have assigned to me the mournful duty of voicing the great grief that *oppresses* us.—It is an hour when the heart finds solace in a few tender *words*,—in a “few broken sentences of veneration and *love*,”—rather than in elaborate or studied *eulogy*.—Grant me,—therefore,—I *pray* you,—your indulgence and your *sympathy*,—nor judge the illustrious dead by this unpremeditated and unworthy *tribute*.—

His great powers as an advocate—early placed have kept him in the first *rank*. He gave and received blows with manly *courage*,—but left all heat and passion in the *forum*.—As a jury lawyer he was *superb*.—He knew the human *heart*—all its hidden, secret *recesses*—and with master,—almost *wizard*, *hand*—played on all its *strings*. Of his pre-eminence as an *orator* you will all bear *witness*.—His fame is *established*.—It will survive in memory and in written *words*.—His style will serve as model for all who strive to utter *pure*,—*high* thoughts in rich and splendid *language*.—*Poet*,—*thinker*,—*artist*,—*imaginative*,—he gave symmetry and beauty to

his *thoughts*,—and always directed the mind upward to the “bright and shining pathway of the *stars*.” God *pity* us—when we deny laurel to the brow of the living and lay garlands on the tomb of the unreplying *dead*.—In the world of *thought*,—he walked and *lived*.—His love for *art*—*music*,—*painting*,—*sculpture*—was genuine and *sincere*.—

His love for *literature*—heaven-born poetry and mighty *prose*—wherein the mirth and *joy*,—the tragedy and *toil*,—of the past move to gladness or provoke to *tears*—was a *passion*.—

His love for *Nature*—for all the wondrous works of *God*—the sublime and *beautiful*—sierra and *sea*,—flower and *star*—amounted to religious *worship*.—

His love for the *Union*,—the *nation*—its hallowed and victorious *flag*—was *unbounded*,—and in recounting his country’s deeds of valor and *sacrifice*—her splendid achievements and multiform *blessings*—he rose to sublime heights of pure and enthralling *eloquence*.

“Out of the strong came forth *sweetness*.”—For there never was a more *gentle*,—more *loving*, and more *lovable* man—than he who sleeps beneath these weeping *flowers*.

It is time this unworthy but loving tribute were *ended*.—The portals of the tomb swing



*open*;—heavenly voices bid him *welcome*,—and the Almighty and Worshipful *Master*,—enthroned in majesty *unspeakable*, says: “Come unto Me, and be at *rest*!”—*Anonymous*.

## CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

Are we not changed, even since last *Christmas*?—Are not other people *changed*?—Partly *that*,—and partly that we have developed perception and see *new* things in *others*. There is nobody who could not be made interesting if put into a *story*.—And *everybody* has a story.—Some have a whole *series* of stories.—And yet what is the *truth*?—As *you* see him—or as *I* see him?—Which is the *true* man?—Or is it as he sees *himself*?—The greatest gift of God is the insight into *others*.—

If we were all ticketed in the world’s *shop window*,—how many now figured at a *dollar* would sell for a *cent*,—and how many marked at next to *nothing*—might be worth their weight in *gold*?—If we only knew what was the *truth*.—

It is *Christmas* time.—Is it only a *legend*?—Or is it the God-sent *truth*?—Which ever it *be*,—it matters *not*.—If it were merely because

the celebration of the Christmas *birth*,—once every *year*, calls millions of men and women to a *halt*,—and bids them lay down all *weapons*,—shake hands with each *other*,—be they enemies or *friends*,—forget all *unkindness*—and love each *other*,—if only for a *moment*,—it is a *religion* beyond all question or *dispute*.—It must be *God-given*.

I, for *one*,—do *not* believe that little moment of *rest*,—that brief softening of the *heart*,—passes away without some *lasting* effect.—We seem to face the *truth*,—the fact that there is a sentiment that is *universal* in human nature,—however, it may be apparently obliterated for a time by *passion*,—*misconception*,—*misunderstanding*, or what you *will*;—smothered by a hundred cares or *worries*;—a sentiment of *low* feeling,—of *brotherly* love.—

You see,—we *rarely* try to understand one *another*.—We are so sure of our *own* judgments—that we decide everything *offhand*.—We take things at their *face* value,—and, when we find we have made a grave *mistake*,—it is too late to go back and begin *over* again.—We are so *busy*!—We take no time to *think*;—and,—too often,—if our friend does something we don't *like*,—we think it is *deception*.—If some-

body appears to do us an *injury*,—of course, it is *intentional*.—

Christmas *comes*; and somehow it seems to bring to all people a *clearer* view of men and women,—of *life*,—the *true* life,—the true interests of themselves and *others*,—and the world is *better* for it. So HATE,—AND FEAR,—AND VENGEANCE,—PENALTY AND PUNISHMENT STOP AT THE CHRISTMAS TIDE,—AND MEN COME SO NEAR LOVING EACH OTHER—THAT IT GIVES US ABOUT THE ONLY HOPE WE HAVE FOR THE HAPPINESS OF HUMANITY. It is the season when the world stops to recall the charity of *Him* whose human form,—nailed to the *cross*,—the meanest and the greatest now bow before in *reverence*.—And, through *nineteen* centuries,—the gospel of love *He* taught has spread over the civilized *earth*,—the power behind all *civilization*.—*Peter Robertson*.

### TEMPLE *of* MUSIC DEDICATION

That *to-day* has been selected to devote this temple of music to the perpetual use of the people is especially *felicitous*. Apart from the purpose to which it will be *devoted*,—it is a *noble* work.—It is an architectural *poem* set to the music of an inspired *imagination*.—So far

as I *know*,—it has no *prototype*.—It is original in conception and *execution*.—This lofty *center*,—towering in massive strength above the orchestral *vault*,—together with its supporting *colonnades*,—is novel in design and *detail*,—and is the luxury of architectural *grace*.—

Its material is of Colusa *sandstone*,—in color as soft and gray as the *ages*—through *which*,—we trust, it will *endure*.—Its only and unselfish *purpose* is the constant education of the *people* in the purest and most refining of all the *arts*;—*that art*,—without which childhood would lose its *delight*—and old age its *consolation*;—*that art*,—which, while we are under its *spell*,—kills all *care*,—and puts *grief* to sleep;—*that art*,—which interprets *every* human passion and *emotion*,—which accompanies us by day and by *night*,—rouses the patriot *heart*—and helps to keep it in step with the music of the *Union*.—In this temple,—melodies composed by the great masters of *harmony* shall educate and refine us and our *descendants*.—

*Here*,—national hymns shall speak in *orchestral volume* for the people in their hours of *triumph*—or rouse their declining courage in those of *defeat*.—*Here* shall be rendered the music of the *future*.—*Here* shall gather yet

unborn *millions*,—drinking from their cradles to their *graves* the harmonies of songs and *marches*,—daily renewed from generation to *generation* as the sun renews its refulgent *beams*,—and free as the winds of the *ocean*,—that shall breathe upon these trees in their age and *decrepitude*—as now in their early *growth*.—

He who gave this structure to the *people*—has builded for himself an *enduring* monument.—The rich and the *great* of earth may rest,—after the battle is *over*,—in stately *tombs* which make the sad glory of the cities of the *dead*,—cities where posterity must go to behold the record of human *life*—or human pride fighting the onset of human *mortality*.—From the tombs of Nippon and *Nineveh*,—from Egyptian *Pyramids*,—from every carved image and monumental pile the world *over*,—from shrines that tell where saints have *suffered*,—and where the light of royalty has risen in palaces and set in sarcophagus and *cenotaph*;—FROM THE GRAVE OF ADAM TO THE LATEST MONUMENT THAT FROM LONE MOUNTAIN OVERLOOKS THE SEAS,—ALL ADD THEIR TESTIMONY TO THE IRRESISTIBLE DESIRE OF MAN TO LIVE,—THOUGH HE BE DEAD.—

The *proudest* memorial to the memory of the

bestower of *this* gift will not be sought in some *God's acre*.—It will rather remain in this world of light and *beauty*.—*Around* it shall assemble *living* people,—men,—women,—and *children*,—not in *affliction*,—but in the happiest of the sunny hours of *life*,—in holiday and Sabbath *rest*,—prepared,—with kindly thoughts and *emotions*,—to enjoy the harmonies that shall be interpreted to them by the masters of the *orchestral* instruments of *this* age—and those of ages to *come*.—*W. H. L. Barnes.*

### FAITH in MAN

I am glad you did not assign to me any particular *theme*. I want to speak here under the influence of the *hour*,—to you few *men*, of things that are *common*, *old*, and *unforgotten*.—And it is not because they *are* old and common and *unforgotten* that I wish to *speak* of them;—it is because they bear something of the aspects of *immutability* that I wish to *speak* of them.—Only do they change as *planets* change,—as seasons change,—as jutting cliffs along ocean *shores* disintegrate before the *unceasing*,—*unending* onslaught of a vengeful *sea*. More specifically, I want to

speak of *men*;—of the *relations* of men;—of the *hopes* of men.

When I say the *relations* of men,—I mean not so much the *associations* of men and the *affairs* of men as I do the *love* of men;—the *potentialities* of men.—And I mean not so much the relations of men *en masse*—as I mean the relations of men, one with *another*.—The first is only the last *multiplied*,—and the last—is only the first *diminished*.—The one is *manifold* and the other is *individual*.—And it is of the *individual* that I am speaking.—

It is because of him that I find *courage* to speak.—It is in him that I see the great *possibility*.—In *my* relations with him and in *your* relations with him,—we meet upon the bed-rock of common *understanding*.—It is only *here* that we can balance accounts;—that we can weigh our *minds*;—that we can measure *souls* and count heart *beats*.—I like to think of *relations*,—*sacred* relations that come,—pure and *clear* like the crystal waters of a running *brook*;—clean and fresh as the air that sweeps the hemlocks on the mountain *top*.—I like to think of relations that *rest*,—like the bases of these *hills*,—on the indestructible adamant of *fidelity*;—on foundations that lie *placid* under the stress of *mobility*,—like the stoicism of a

huge oak under the lash of an infuriated *storm*.—It is a *joy* to think of such a thing;—it is a *greater joy* to *know* such a thing.—To clasp *hands*,—rough, wrinkled with the furrows of *toil*,—builds in us anew the ideal of faith in *man*.—

LET US CULTIVATE THIS COMPANIONSHIP BETWEEN MAN, AND MAN—AND MUNICIPALITIES AND NATIONS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.  
—*Joseph DeNio*.

### *The* UNSOLVED PROBLEM

Of the unsolved problems that have agitated the human mind from time *immemorial*,—the most important has been to make just provision for the *poor*.—Intellectual and philanthropic giants have grappled with this most vital problem in *vain*.—For it is the duty of *every* one to ameliorate the condition of the poor without impairing the self-respect of the *recipient*.—Dignity of manhood can be acquired and maintained only by means of honest *labor*,—not by subsisting on the earnings of generosity of the *benevolent*.—"While all have a right to *exist*,"—yet it must always be remembered that—"Every *right* involves a corresponding *duty*."—



The great teacher,—*Paul*,—said, “He that will not *work* shall not *eat*.”—In spite of the march of civilization with its *inventions*,—*machinery*,—and tremendous *improvements*,—the army of the poor steadily *increases*,—assuming colossal *proportions*.—How shall they gain their *bread*?—There is no problem of to-day more worthy of the thought of man than *this*—how shall the unemployed be turned away from *despair*—and led into proper channels of *activity*—for the good of not only *themselves*,—but also for the *world’s* good?—

Metternich wisely and truly *observes*,—“There are no more *political* questions,—there are only *social* questions.”—We are standing on the brink of a *volcano*,—and no number of soup houses will repress the smouldering *fires*;—it requires more direct, *substantial* aid.—Some plan must be devised by the body-politic to make men self-*sustaining*.—Sporadic charity amounts to nothing,—save temporarily,—for that *alone*,—while the cause still remains *untouched*,—for each *to-morrow* brings its own hunger *afresh*.—Every dollar given to an association to provide *work*—work in any shape for the *unemployed*—is the initiation of a commendable effort to elevate the condition of the *poor*.—This attempt is not an *iconoclas-*

*tic* one,—not tearing *down* without building *up*;—IT IS SIMPLY SUBSTITUTING THE WORKSHOP FOR THE SOUP HOUSE.—If we make the people *independent* of charity;—but *dependent* upon labor,—there will rise up a nation,—strong in principle and action—the essential elements of a free and *powerful* race.—*I. Lowenberg.*

## SANCTUARY

One of the most wonderful *revolutions*—of twofold beneficence—is going on in our national *parks* at this moment,—in the making of them into wild-life *sanctuaries*.—

It is *remarkable* in that it is doing as much for *man* as for the wild creatures that are *protected* from him.—

Perhaps,—*indeed*,—it is doing even *more* for him;—for it is teaching him not only that it is possible to live in *amity* with the wild animals—heretofore presumably *formidable*,—*savage* and *antagonistic*—but with his *own* kind as well.—The confidence that wild animal protection engenders is *mutual*.

Even the unaccustomed city *folk*—that grow quite panicky at thought of a *bear* at large in the *woods*—find their composure *re-*

*turning* when they observe the bear accepting their presence indifferently,—even *cheerfully*.—And the possibility of a new relation to *life*—*larger*,—*friendlier*,—more *tolerant*,—more *interdependent*,—of a juster *mutuality*, dawns upon them.

The notion that wild beasts are lurking in ambush—to *pounce* upon and *rend* you—soon gives way to the shamefaced consciousness that *man* is the aggressor and inciter of *antagonism*.

One of the loveliest sights I have ever *seen* was of a *doe*—shoulder deep in the seeded grass and wild flowers of a mountain *meadow* up near Glacier *point*, with the afternoon sun slanting down *upon* her.—A doe is essentially a gentle and *appealing* creature in her exquisite *defenselessness*,—and posed *thus*,—with soft eyes *unalarmed*,—watching our auto glide into view and *out* again,—she made such a beautiful picture of peace and *plenty*,—security and *contentment*—as would move any heart to *gladness* that human coming and going should be accepted so *calmly*.—

The wild creatures are willing *enough* to let us share the *earth* with them—if we will but let them share it with *us*—unmolested.—

And this disposition on *their* part that we are coming to recognize in the wild-life sanc-

tuaries afforded by our national *parks*—suggests THAT EVEN HUMAN BEINGS MIGHT LIVE AMICABLY TOGETHER IN THIS WORLD—IF WE COULD ADJUST OUR MINDS TO RESPECTING EACH OTHERS' RIGHTS.—*Helen Dare.*

### *The* LAW of ANTAGONISM

The *sun*—being but newly created and feeble in his power,—yet needed *another* force to counteract the solar attraction;—this was the attraction of *gravitation*,—or the persistent *will* force of the *Deity*.—*Without* this law of antagonism—the sun would very soon rob our planet of its *vitality*. But this law of attraction is so *wisely* adjusted that it *restores* what otherwise would be dissipated by the sun's *action*;—or the earth would become parched and *unfit* for the home of any kind of *life*.—

This law of antagonism is *divine* in its *origin*—and includes in its range all forms of *existence*,—animate and *inanimate*. It is the great law by which the onward *progress* of the world is *accomplished*,—from the *lowest* to the *highest* forms of *life*.—By it—the balancings of nature are *secured*;—by it the mists are lifted *up*;—the clouds surrender their *treasure*,

—and the floods are carried back to the *sea*;—the moaning *winds*,—the muttering *thunder* and the vivid *lightning* put to confusion the elements of the *atmosphere*,—*purify* the earth, —and prophesy of *man*.—

Man *himself* is subject to the *same* law.—He swings from one extremity of the arc to the *other*,—till at last he settles down at the point of *progress* and moves *forward*.—The next generation moves in the *same way*,—only in a *longer* arc,—and finds a higher resting *point*.—One generation is sacrificed to *another* as forests feed on the rich soil of their *predecessors*.—Men are persecuted in one age and die *martyrs*,—but the next age makes *heroes* of them—and builds monuments over their *graves*.—

SCIENTIFIC AND PHILOSOPHIC AND RELIGIOUS TRUTHS ARE PERSECUTED IN ONE AGE—AND IMMORTALIZED IN ANOTHER;—*laughed* at and driven *out* of the world,—then ushered in with music and *banners* and shouts of the *multitude*.—The see-saw of *civilizations*,—nations and *empires*—has been a forward movement over the graves of the buried *past*.—The dead *past* is but the prelude of the onward *future*;—out of the ruins of the *old* come the institutions of the *new*.—Thus the majestic procession moves on to *perfection*.—*Robert Wilson Murphy*.

### *The* THREAD of LIFE

It is impossible to keep an eye on the thread of life at *all*. The transmission of life from *one* grain of wheat to *another*—is as incomprehensible as the product of a *new*,—*powerful*,—*glorious* and incorruptible *body* from a *dead* one,—buried in weakness, dishonor and *corruption*.—The living grain of wheat has in *itself*, no more self-raising power than the dead body of *man*.—Power comes to it in the *ground*.—

Life from death in the grain of *wheat* is an expansive movement from one to *many*.—Nature cares more for the *strong* than the *weak*;—she cares more for the *fruitful* than the *barren*,—she cares more for the *conscious* than the *unconscious*.—And in caring for the *unconscious* wheat,—she cares for the *conscious* man.—Conscious man is at the *top* of things,—and all below are his *supporters*.—Everything directly or *indirectly* is to *help* him.—Ceasing to *help*—they cease to *be*.—Man continues,—because *consciousness*,—LIKE FORCE AND MATTER,—IS AN INDEPENDENT AND IMPERISHABLE SUBSTANCE.—*Rev. W. H. Platt.*

## The SCHOOL HOUSE

I desire to remind you that the *schoolhouse* is the garden-spot in which great *minds* are developed and *cultivated*.—The schoolhouse is the *sign-post* of civilization,—education—and *enlightenment*.—When a *new* schoolhouse is erected it shows the desire of that *community* to benefit the young who are to *follow* in our wake.

While we are fortunate to live in this *great*, —*prosperous* land,—which is universally *admired* for its inexhaustible *resources*,—prolific *soil*,—and its many grand virtues that bring prosperity to its *inhabitants*,—I beg to *remind* you that it is not the *natural* wealth with its bountiful resources *alone*—that has developed the wonderful prosperity which challenges the admiration of the dwellers of the *old world*,—but it is the bright *intellect* and superior *education* of the many great *men* it has *produced*.—Compared with the *old world*,—America is in its *infancy*,—yet it has developed men of remarkable *minds* in *all* walks of life—men of the keenest powers of conception for *designing*—and of wonderful ability for *execution*—men who have, in a few *generations*,—transformed a *savage* land into a *civilization*,—a *wilderness* into an admirable *cultivation*,—and a conti-

nent filled with nomadic *wild* tribes,—with whom law and order were an unknown *quantity*,—into one of the greatest *civilized* nations known to ancient or to modern *history*.—

EDUCATION WELDED WITH THAT REAL—UNADULTERATED LIBERTY—ENJOYED BY ALL IN THIS BLESSED COUNTRY—IS THE GREAT SECRET OF THIS WONDERFUL SUCCESS AND ACHIEVEMENT,—and the schoolhouse is the *first* step for the young to enable them to obtain that fundamental *training* to fit them for their life's *career*.—It is, therefore, *meet*,—and a sacred *duty*,—for *every* community to provide liberally for this start in life for *them*,—by building comfortable and sanitary *schoolhouses*,—and by selecting able and competent *school-teachers* to lead them to civilization,—education—and *enlightenment*.—*S. Hartman.*

### *The* LIFE COMPLETE

The vision of a well-rounded *life* engages the interest of all aspiring *men*.—*We* may call this object of desire by many *names*,—*culture*,—*education*,—*development*,—*civilization*,—but these all look *one* way.—The full, *harmonious* life is simply one that finds itself on good terms with *all* that may *enrich* or *enlarge*



human existence.—It makes its way up toward *completeness* by seeking to give every normal claim its appropriate *satisfaction*.

I would remind you of Matthew Arnold's familiar classification of the *powers* that make for *fullness* of life.—He used to *maintain* that the forces which *cultivate* could all be grouped under *four* heads;—THE POWER OF CONDUCT, —THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE,—THE POWER OF BEAUTY AND THE POWER OF SOCIAL LIFE.—*These* are his divisions,—and I shall use them in speaking to you of the *influences* that tend to make your lives *complete*.—

The power of *conduct*!—It brings before us the side of life we call *ethical*.—We all know that it is right to be *true*,—*pure*,—*kind*,—in one's relations with his *fellows*;—it is *wrong* to *lie*,—to be *unclean*,—to swerve from that law of *love*—where all ethical considerations find their *unity*.—It is *right* to live *usefully*;—it is *wrong* to live *selfishly*.—It is *right* to revere God and to *trust* in Him.—These are a few of the *main* forms of effort that go to make up right *conduct*.—Now,—to *do* these things,—and to keep *on* doing them until they become the settled *disposition* of the life,—will bring the culture that comes from the power of *conduct*.—It is the most *important* of the

four—Arnold *himself* used to say—that “*conduct* is three fourths of life.”—It is the side where men are most commonly *efficient*.—

But even three *fourths* is not the *whole*;—ethical conduct—with all its overshadowing *importance*,—is not *all* of life.—There are people who are *good*,—good enough,—so to speak,—so that you would not care to make them *better*,—but somehow they are *stupid*,—*tiresome*,—*disagreeable*.—

It is all right for a man to be *conscientious*,—and even *saintly*;—but if you are coming to *close* terms with him,—you insist that he shall have *knowledge* and be socially *acceptable*.—So that while we are to seek righteousness *first*,—there are *other* values to be added unto it.—

The power of *knowledge*!—I mean the ability to *read*,—and to know what it is all *about*;—the ability to know how it bears on *other* things you have read as you attempt to *organize* them;—the ability to *think*,—and *when* you think, to produce something that has the look and taste of your *own mind* about it;—the ability to see things as they *are*;—the ability to *study* the world about you,—not merely a worm *here* and a weed *there*,—but *weeds*,—*worms*,—and *everything*,—up to the sun,

moon, and *stars*,—as parts of one organic *whole*;—the ability to get behind and *within* all these phenomena—and see who or what is *there* and what is *meant* by them all;—the ability to study *man* both in detail and in the *large*;—the ability to *learn* his ways until you know his general gait and *direction*;—the ability to read *history* until you can strike the trail of human *progress* and *follow* it.—I mean,—also,—the ability to know something about *literature*,—not merely *print*,—but *literature*.—Much of what is printed and bound up is accurately called “*reading matter*.”—But to *know* literature is to have some *appreciation* and understanding of the best that has been thought and said by the *masters*.—

The power of *beauty*!—This covers all that belongs to the *aesthetic* side of life.—We meet it the moment we enter the world,—in the matter of *dress*.—We all wear *clothes*, incidentally for decency and *comfort*,—but mainly that we may *look* well.—The controlling principle throughout is *aesthetic*,—and this is entirely *legitimate*.—It is well to get yourself up so that people can look at you with some *comfort*,—if it is a possible *thing*.—

We turn,—however,—to the *nobler* manifestations of this power,—to the attractiveness

of good *architecture*,—rightly built *homes*,—noble public *buildings*.—Men travel half round the earth to *see* them,—and then stand *awe-struck* and worshipful beneath their *greatness*!—

This power includes the art of *painting*,—the *Madonnas*, *Transfigurations* and *Ascensions*,—the portraits of *Rembrandt*,—and the landscapes of *Turner*.—You spend three days in an Old World *gallery*,—and you find that you have been *enlarged*!—

The power of great *music* stands here,—*real* music,—which lays hold upon you *gently*,—but opens your nature until you feel as if you were all *gateway* on the side where it made its *approach*.

The power of *social life*!—We find here the touch of life *on* life,—immediate and *direct*,—with no intervention of printed page or painted *canvas*.—It is not good for man to be *alone*,—for we sharpen and polish one another by being rubbed *together*.—This power includes *conversation*,—*debate*,—public *address*;—the easy touch-and-go talk of the club or *dinner-table*;—the solid and wholesome enjoyment of *genuine friendship*,—where the deeper natures look on one another *unveiled*—and are not afraid nor *ashamed*;—the love of husband and

*wife*,—parent and *child*,—brother and *sister*,—it includes all that is suggested in the art of living *together*.—It is a wide and noble side of the *four-square* life,—and the various social relationships fill it with gateways for *holy*,—*helpful* influences to come in.—

This *social* life has high moral *values*.—It brings us together and teaches us our need of one *another*.—It makes us sympathetic and *understanding*.—You cannot love your *neighbor* by a sheer lift of resolute *will*.—You must first discover his lovable *aspects*, and he, too, must find *you* out.—

There you have the four sides of the *ideal* life!—You cannot name an earthly influence which they do *not* include.—*Anonymous*.

## PUBLIC OPINION

The growth of public *opinion* is the one significant fact of *modern* times.—Always powerful in local and *national* affairs,—it is now the *determining* factor in the government of the civilized *world*.—How has it become “*world-opinion*” in these days?

The coming in of *democracy*,—in the form of constitutional and representative *governments*,—has given a mighty *impetus* to the

spread of public *opinion*.—The appeal is now made to the *people*,—and the expression of their thought is well-nigh *omnipotent* in modern politics.—The ease with which the common *thought* can be translated into common *action*—also puts a premium upon the power of the *masses*.—According to *Lincoln*,—"Our government rests in public *opinion*.—Whoever can change public *opinion* can *change* the government practically just so *much*."

Wendell Phillips,—the *agitator*,—in his famous lecture on Public *Opinion*,—glories in the new *era*.—"The age of men armed in mail is *over*.—The age of thrones has gone *by*.—The age of *statesmen*—God be *praised!*—is *over*.—The age of *thinking* men has *come*.—The age of *reading* men has come.—The age of the *masses* has come."

Under the *old* regime,—when *aristocracy* prevailed in one form or another,—political sentiment emanated from persons possessed of *property*,—and presumably,—therefore possessed of intelligence and extraordinary *influences*.—Under the *present* order of democracy—(in the *wide* sense of that term),—it arises from a majority of the *people*,—and theoretically seeks the greatest good of the greatest *number*.—

An *additional* explanation of the rapid spread of public *opinion* over world-areas—is found in increased facilities for *communication*.—The three *quickest* modes of communication—are said to be *telephone*,—*telegraph*,—and tell a *woman*.—

The *wonderful*—most *miraculous*—application of *electricity* to purposes of communication over land and over *seas*, as well as *under* them;—the splendid enterprise of the *press* in sending special correspondents to all parts of the *globe*;—the organization of the *news* service,—that regularly reports the gossip of the *world*,—these and *other* systems of regular correspondence have brought the ends of the earth *together*.—The same *ideas*,—being distributed *simultaneously* over civilization,—achieve a social *unity* of the great nations,—approximating the dream of the *poet*,—who sees the “parliament of *man*,—the federation of the *world*.”

Once *leaders* spoke,—and the world waited to *hear*,—and took their cue from the political or popular oracles of the *day*.—

NOW, PRESIDENTS AND LEGISLATORS,—HIGH AND LOW,—STRAIN THEIR EARS TO CATCH THE FIRST SOUND OF THE POPULAR WILL,—DUMB ORACLES TILL THEY HEAR.—

Let me *confess* that when I began the study of this subject some months *ago*,—I was inclined to *discount* the value of public *opinion*.—It seemed so vague and *uncertain* a quantity,—that I thought it *overestimated* in point of influence.—The swinging of the pendulum of popular *favor*,—now *for* and now *against*,—a natural and inevitable expression of the mutable *many*,—gave it the character of *inconstancy*.—I have since come to see that there is a *distinction* to be made between “the *public*” and “the *people*.”—The public is that part of the people that is *clamorous* and *rampant* at any given *time*.—Underneath the froth and foam that stir the *surface* there is a sober *seriousness* that can be counted on to carry causes to *right* conclusions.—

Nevertheless,—we would not say that public opinion is *infallible*. The public mind must be *enlightened* to give sane decisions when appealed to as the ultimate arbiter.—Education must be as wide and inclusive as *citizenship*—without limitation to those who have the right of *suffrage*.—Public discussion and debate must be *encouraged*,—for the training of the *reasoning* faculties.—Pulpit, and platform, and *press* must seek to give such interpretation to the signs of the *times*,—that the highest wel-



fare of *all* may be conserved.—Reform of existing abuses should be countenanced and *encouraged* that progress may be *made* and social conditions *ameliorated*,—in the interest of universal justice and human *brotherhood*.—

This is the higher *meaning*,—the true *ideal*,—of public opinion. It should be the expression of the national *conscience*.—In *this* sense, —and in this sense *alone*,—we may assent to the dictum, *Vox populi vox Dei*, the voice of the people is the voice of *God*.—*Rev. Dr. Baker.*

### ADDRESS to STUDENTS

In doing *one* thing well, the student will learn more or less about *other* things.—Through *one* field mastered he gets the lay of the land all *about* him.—It is the one way known among *men*.—The subject of study a man *chooses* is of far *less* importance than the attitude he learns to assume toward the *truth*.—It is not a man's *outward* equipment that counts,—but his *character*.—The *subject* of study is to be regarded as little more than a certain healthy *food* for a growing *mental* organism.—Feed *well*,—keep *clean*,—and let nature do the *rest*.—

Of more importance *still* than subject or *training* is the competence to transmute the form of learning into the form of *discovery*.—Toward *stimulating* this competency,—in *short* range or in *great*,—all higher training must *strive*.—Fresh *thinking* is the very breath of life to a *university*.—A man who has once,—in small or great,—exhausted all that is *known* on a given matter,—and, having proceeded alone beyond the outer picket line of the *advance*,—has gained glimpses of *new* lands in new relation to the *old*,—has become thereby a *changed* man for all his *life*.—A new *fever* is in his blood.—It is no longer worth his while to *borrow*.—He has now *discovered*.—

MAN RISES TO THE HIGHEST THERE IS IN HIM WHEN HE SHAKES HIMSELF FREE FROM IMITATION,—SUPERSTITION AND CONVENTION;—and setting free mind above the ruts of *matter*, re-discovers his world by *re-thinking* it.—

A university is a place where *men*—living together in the sharing of outlook and *tasks* may shape their lives to *social* need by learning to understand *one* province where human thought has leveled *roads*,—and by *helping*,—find the *further* way.—

If our walls are to bear but *one* inscription,—let these five words standing at its *gates* tell what the university is *for*:—"To Help Find the *Way*."—*Anonymous*.

## PRACTICAL LIFE

Life is a series of *repetitions*! If one day's *labor* led to the higher development of the *next* day,—we might gain some *breathing* time.—But it is *impossible*! There is no suspension of the law of supply and *demand*,—not for even one day's *rest*.—It stands grimly and *relentlessly* before one like some awful *deity*—that will not be *placated*.—It is with feelings akin to *awe* that one attempts to depict the internal life of the *family*.

Woman's whole lifework is to deal with *raw* material.—Thus the *question*, "What shall we *eat*,—what shall we *drink*,—and wherewithal shall we be *clothed*?"—assumes fearful *proportions*,—showing a hand-to-hand grappling with the necessities of *life* that will admit of no loitering by the *way*. Duty lays her heavy *hand* upon us and requires that we shall consider—not *only* those but the thousand-and-one *trivial* needs of changing fashion from day to *day*,—in addition to our *primal* wants and necessities,—until intellectual feats and enjoyments are pushed to *one* side in favor of the things that die with the *day*.—

If Lucifer, *himself*,—in his glorious *abode*,—had been hedged in by the numerous cares and perplexities pertaining to this corporeal

frame of *ours*—if the pangs of *hunger* had assailed him in his arch *plottings*—if the necessity of *beefsteak*,—bread and butter had been a part of his *nature*—if he had been dependent upon the exertions of the *tailor* and the *shoemaker* for a faultless attire—instead of fleeing through the realms of infinity draped in the unchanging robes of *immortality*—if his energies had been wound *up* in the limited circle of time allotted to us out of *twelve* waking hours—instead of a continuous *rush* of unabated energy through illimitable *eternity*—if a *gripe*—or a *pain*—or a *tithe* of our bodily afflictions could have occasionally *seized* upon him in his ethereal *flights* to the uttermost boundaries of the celestial *worlds*—doubtless a wholesome *humility* would have been impressed throughout his spiritual *organization*,—effectually snubbing the pride and *daring* which plunged him *downwards*,—irretrievably,—to the depth and darkness of the Plutonian *shore*.—

FROM GENERATIONS UNTOLD IN THE FAR PAST DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME,—AND SO LONG AS POSTERITY FLOURISHES IN SUCCESSIVE DECADES,—WILL THE ADAMANTINE CHAIN OF MATERIALITY HOLD US FAST.—In *vain* do we attempt to escape from its anaconda-like *folds*.—The genius of man may *mitigate*—so far as

in his power *lies*,—the hopeless drudgery of our *forefathers* by the application of steam and the perfection of *machinery*.—But the field only *widens*,—our wants *increase*,—our necessities *multiply*.—This is the body of *hindrance* to which our *immortality* is chained;—the Promethean *vulture* which is ever preying upon our spiritual *faculties*,—the clinging shirt of *Nessus*,—destroying our highest *purposes*. This is the stern fiat of an exorable *law*,—which grasping our souls in this *material* frame,—holds in abeyance and subjection the spark of *divinity* which is crying out intuitively for an immortality beyond the *grave*,—for an *eternity* of time in which to accomplish the impossibilities of *earth*,—the hopes and desires of the longing heart of *man*.—*Rachel Hepburn Haskell.*

## OUR DUTY to the YOUNG

The paramount duty of *mankind* is so to deport itself as to enable the young to keep their minds *clean*.—When *this* is done it reflects upon the *character*,—*intelligence*—and *health* of the rising *generation*.—There is *nothing* so detrimental to the *young* as the suggestions of *fear*,—*hatred*—and pernicious

social *activities*.—By *social activities*, I mean *all* things that tend to influence the life in the home and in *society*.—

On the *other* hand,—there is nothing so *beneficial* to the young as thoughts of *love*,—*kindness*,—*charity*—and *religion*.—There is nothing so *impressionable* as the young *mind*,—and—consequently—it becomes readily influenced by *suggestive* thoughts.—If these thoughts tend towards that which is *evil*,—its effect upon the youth is of a *fearful*,—*nervous*,—*selfish* character,—which ultimates either in ill-health, unhappiness or *evil mindedness*.—On the *other* hand,—if the suggestions' influence is good and *noble* in character—it ultimates in *lovable*,—*intelligent* and *happy* manhood and womanhood,—free from nervous and unhealthful *disorders* and criminal *tendencies*.—

OUR DUTY IS TO DEVELOP THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF THE CHILDREN,—for when that is properly *cared* for and *nourished*,—it is reasonably certain that *virtue* and *good* will predominate.—

Our duty to the *young*—therefore—lies in our using our best efforts with *precept*,—*training* and *example*—so as to keep their minds *clean*,—that *future* generations will be assured

a wholesome *atmosphere*,—in which love of *God* and *man* will be the *predominating* influence—and evil and crime, *negligible* qualities and quantities.—Then *virile*,—*red-blooded*,—*wholesome* men and women,—*free* from *anaemia*,—both literal and *figurative*, will *rule*.—“Justice and liberty to *all*” will be the *world’s* motto,—and the pathway leading to the brotherhood of man will have been *cleared*.—*M. S. Levy.*

### TRUTH in TRINITY

Truth is its own exceeding great,—unspeakable *reward*.—There are *three*,—and *only* three,—that bear witness here on earth of things heavenly and *divine*.—There are *three*,—and *only* three,—human pursuits that,—passing beyond the veil of time and *sense*,—take hold of things spiritual and *eternal*.—

THESE ARE SCIENCE,—FINE ART—AND RELIGION.—These three strive ever *together*,—each in its *several* ways,—to perfect that image in the human *spirit*.—*Science* strives ever to perfect that image in the human reason as *truth*;—*art* strives to perfect the same image in the human imagination as *ideal beauty*;—*religion* strives ever to perfect the same image

in the human will and the human *heart*—in human life and human *conduct*—as duty and *love*.—These three seem often to us widely *separate*,—and even, *alas!*—in deadly *conflict*,—but only because we view them on so *low* a plane.—As we trace them *upward*—they converge more and *more*,—until they meet and become *one*.—They are, *indeed*,—but the *earthly*,—*finite* symbol of a *trinity* which is infinite and *eternal*.—*Joseph Le Conte.*

## GOOD OLD BOOKS

No book has lived beyond the age of its *author* unless it was filled with that emotional *quality*—which lifts the reader out of this *prosaic* world into that spiritual *life*—whose dwellers are forever *young*—unless it were full of this *spiritual* force which endures through the *centuries*. The words of the Biblical *writers*,—of Thomas A. *Kempis*,—*Milton*,—*Bunyan*, *Dante* and others,—are charged with a spiritual *potency* that move the reader of *today* as they have moved the countless generations in the *past*.—

Could one wish for a more splendid immortality than *this*,—to serve as the stimulus to ambitious *youth*—long after one's body has



moldered in the *dust*?—EVEN THE SPHINX IS NOT SO ENDURING AS A GREAT BOOK,—written in the heart's blood of a man or *woman* who has sounded the deeps of *sorrow*—only to rise up full of courage and faith in human *nature*.—

And so in this roundabout *way*,—I come back to my library *shelves* to urge upon *you* who now are wrapped warm in domestic life and *love*—to provide against the *time* when you may be cut off in a day from the companionship that makes life *precious*.—Cultivate the great worthies of *literature*—even if this means neglect of the latest magazine or the newest sensational *romance*.—Be content to confess ignorance of the *ephemeral* books that will be forgotten in a single half *year*,—so you may spend your leisure hours in genial converse with the *great* writers of *all* time.—The *vital* thing is that you have your own *favorites*—books that are real and *genuine*,—each one brimful of the inspiration of a great *soul*.—Keep these books on a shelf convenient for *use*,—and read them again and *again*—until you have saturated your mind with their wisdom and their *beauty*.—

So may you come into the *true* Kingdom of *Culture*—whose gates never swing open to the

pedant or the *bigot*.—So may you be armed against the worst *blows* that fate can deal you in this *world*.—*George Hamlin Fitch*.

## CHILDREN of the GHETTO

There is one beautiful sight in the East *End*,—and *only* one,—and that is the *children*—dancing in the street when the organ-grinder goes his *round*.—It is fascinating to *watch* them,—the *new-born*,—the next *generation*,—swaying and *stepping*,—with pretty little mimics and graceful inventions all their *own*,—with muscles that move swiftly and *easily*,—and bodies that leap *airily*,—weaving rhythms never taught in *dancing school*.—

I have talked with *these* children,—here,—there—and *everywhere*,—and THEY STRUCK ME AS BEING BRIGHT AS OTHER CHILDREN,—AND IN MANY WAYS EVEN BRIGHTER.—They have most active little *imagination*s.—Their capacity for projecting themselves into the realm of romance and *fantasy* is *remarkable*.—A joyous life is romping in their *blood*.—They delight in *music*,—and *motion*,—and *color*, and very often they betray a startling beauty of face and *form* under their filth and *rags*.—

But there is a Pied Piper who steals them

all away.—They *disappear*.—One never sees them *again*,—or anything that *suggests* them.—You may look for them in *vain* amongst the generation of *grown-ups*. Here you will find stunted *forms*,—ugly *faces*,—and blunt and stolid *minds*.—*Grace*,—*beauty*,—*imagination*,—all the resiliency of mind and muscle, are *gone*.

The Children of the Ghetto possess all the qualities which make for noble manhood and *womanhood*;—but the Ghetto *itself*,—like an infuriated *tigress*,—turning on its *young*,—often turns upon and destroys all these *qualities*,—blots out the light and *laughter*,—and moulds those it does not kill into sodden and forlorn *creatures*.—*Jack London*.

## HIGH SCHOOL DEDICATION

We are here to rejoice in this completed *work*.—There is very little in the building *itself*,—though it is commodious and *cheerful*,—to awaken any *enthusiasm*.—But as a *school-room*—a new structure to befriend *civilization*,—in a state where the forces of good and evil *meet* in a more open and demonstrative *wrestle*,—probably,—than upon any other equal

area on the *globe*—it *does* invite us to be *glad*,—and to express our joy that it is added to the landscape of the *city*,—and has sprung out of a deepening popular faith in the worth of *education*.—

And yet it is not simply a new *schoolhouse* that we are to consecrate to its noble *offices*.—It is the *symmetry* of an educational system in the city that we complete and *establish*.—If there were any influence to be exerted by the establishment of this *high school* in drawing away the public interest from the *grammar schools*,—the public *pride* in them,—the public readiness to be taxed to *sustain* them,—there would be no occasion for *gratitude* in the completion of this *building*;—this would be an unfortunate service and *hour*.—THE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS ARE THE TRUE FOUNTAINS OF HEALTH AND POWER IN A COMMUNITY.—Whatever tends to *slight* them,—or reduce their *efficiency*,—or throw the shadow of public *indifference* upon them,—is to be *deplored*,—and to be strenuously *resisted*.—

But,—very likely,—in all *this*,—I am speaking needless *words*.—Perhaps I have done *wrong* to assume or hint that there can be any question,—in *any* quarter,—of the value of the *school* whose home we consecrate *here*,—or of

its advantageous *relation* to the *other* schools—of which we are justly *proud*.—

The spiritual forces must be started *soon* in states like this,—and trained to *ten times* their present vigor,—or we shall be unable to wield the majestic armor and implements of our science and materialistic *culture*.—And this *building*,—which lifts the torch of education *higher*,—as a beacon to the *state*,—which will turn out nobler specimens of young manhood and *womanhood*,—invites us,—by peculiar *fitness*,—in this *harvest* time,—to rejoice in its *completion*,—and to express our gratitude by elaborate ceremonial and reverent *prayer*.—*Anonymous.*

## NORMAN PIONEERS

Among the pioneers of other lands and times, who have stamped their characters on the institutions they *founded* and become immortal in *history*, I shall, for your good *counsel*,—advert to but *two* examples,—and those,—in many respects,—the *opposite* of each other.—In 1066, the Normans invaded *England*,—and the battle of Hastings broke *forever* the Saxon and Danish *power*.—But years *passed*,—and several monarchs filled and *va-*

*cated* the English throne,—before these Norman pioneers had accomplished their *work* and molded the nation to their *will*.—They were *warriors*,—not *reformers*.—They were greedy of *power*,—but impatient of its exercise upon *themselves*;—greedy of *wealth*,—but lavish in its *expenditure*.—They were reckless *alike* of their *own* and the life of *others*.—*Turbulent*,—*unruly*,—equally dangerous to the people whom they *subdued*,—and to the princes who led them to *conquest*.—*Galant* men,—full of deeds of knightly *courtesy*,—yet reddening their hands with the blood of civil *broil*,—and ever ready to maintain their right with their *swords*.—

Men of *clear* intellect and giant *will*,—they acknowledged an uncertain allegiance to their *king*,—and only bowed their necks to the yoke of *God* when,—at the close of *life*,—they deemed it necessary to assume the *monastic* habit,—or to do *penance* of their goods for the salvation of their *souls*.—From these stern and bloody *men*,—“who came in with the *Conqueror*,”—or followed in the train of his *successors*,—the noblest families of England are *proud* to derive their *descent*;—and even we *republicans* upon this distant *coast*,—and at this late period of *time*,—do not *refuse* our

admiration to these Norman *pioneers*,—who, through the mists of the *past*,—loom up like giants *before* us.—Yet our admiration of these old *warriors*,—the admiration of the *world* for them,—is not because they shed *blood*,—or amassed or squandered *wealth*,—or swore fealty to their *kings*,—or broke their oaths in *rebellion*,—or committed or *abstained* from the crimes that were common to their *age*.—

The Norman *pioneers* were enrolled in history amongst the most illustrious of *men*—because in the dark and troublous times in which they *lived*,—in the midst of confusion and *blood*,—with strong hands and undaunted *hearts* they laid deep the first foundations of English *liberty*,—and became the fathers of that system of common *law* which, at the end of eight hundred *years*,—is the protection and the *glory* of all who speak the English *tongue*.—We forget the *details* of the battle of *Hastings*,—and of a hundred *other* battles that followed it.—We do not remember what *castles* were subdued,—what *cities* were burned,—what *districts* were wasted with fire and *sword*,—or *who* was killed,—or who made the slaughter on the field of *blood*;—but *all* of us who have studied the history of our *own* freedom—will well remember how the *first* charter

of liberty was *wrung* from Henry I,—at his *coronation*,—and how, with their swords in their *hands*,—the stern old barons *compelled* its confirmation and extension by King *John*,—in the field between Windsor and *Staines*,—in the form of *Magna Charta*.—

*True*,—those charters of liberty were *imperfect* in their provisions,—but a happy facility of *interpretation*, which in *England* has generally been used in favor of *liberty*,—has, from their *date*,—MADE THEM THE SAFEGUARD OF THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE,—AND ON THEM,—AS THE LOWEST FOUNDATION STONES,—RESTS THE WHOLE GLORIOUS SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH COMMON LAW.—The Normans were *pioneers* whose names must be *immortal*.—

A great trust is committed to *your* hands by the events that have made you *pioneers*.—Take *care* that you discharge that trust with honor to *yourselves*,—and so that California may achieve the *glorious* destiny that is her *due*.—Take *care* that you so conduct the youth of this *state*, that centuries *hereafter*,—your descendants may say proudly of their *ancestors*,—“He came in with the pioneers.”—*Frederick P. Tracy*.



## ST. PATRICK

Everywhere,—at home and *abroad*,—on land and on *sea*,—wherever the Christian *Civilization* has penetrated,—there rises to *Heaven*,—on the wings of *prayer*,—the name of him in whose honor and in commemoration of whose *achievements* we are gathered here *to-day*.—Wherever Christianity has lifted her celestial *banner*,—the *great*,—*splendid*,—and *holy* deeds of St. Patrick—are being recalled and recounted with *gratitude*,—with *reverence*,—and with *love*.—

This day is *devoted*—not only to a recollection of the Christian services of St. *Patrick*,—but also to a commemoration of the *martyrdom* of those who have toiled and *died* for the land which he redeemed from pagan *darkness*.—

Who *was* St. Patrick?—What was his *conquest*?—Over what and whom did he *triumph*?—Going back to the third and fourth centuries of the Christian *era*,—we see the world covered with *darkness*.—We think to-day of the *man*,—chosen of *God*,—who went to that island to which your memories fondly *turn*,—and there converted to a belief in the Master a *whole people*.—Round about and over *Ireland* thick *darkness* had gathered and settled *down*.—She was the farthest West of the then known

*world*,—the very *outpost* of the westward march of *man*,—cut off from the *Continent*,—*lost* in the sea.—She was a stranger to *Christianity*,—but her people,—though *pagan*,—possessed a certain loftiness of mind and *worship*.—They had not deified the beasts of the *field*;—they did not worship images born of the *earth*;—they worshiped the *sun* and all the hosts of *heaven*;—even then,—far back in the *gloom*,—before the advent of *St. Patrick*,—they lifted their faces upward toward the *sky*.—

You are familiar with the life of *St. Patrick*,—how born,—nursed,—and *reared* in poverty and *obscurity*,—he was taken captive to *Ireland* and there tended the flocks upon the *hill-sides*,—working as a *slave*.—You remember his miraculous *escape*;—you recall his years of *toil*,—of *preparation*,—of *study*,—of *devotion*,—in order that he might be competent to perform the great work for which God *intended* him.—You remember his yearning to return to *Ireland*,—where he had toiled as a *slave*,—to free that people from the bondage of *paganism* and the darkness of *ignorance*.—You remember his *return* to that island and that he found it as he had *left* it,—given over to *pagan worship*.—

Think of the *triumph* of St. Patrick!—He converted a whole nation without shedding a drop of *blood*!—He was a great *conqueror*,—not as a *Caesar*,—not as an *Alexander*,—not as a *Hannibal*,—not as a *Mahomet*,—spreading his doctrine by sword and *fire*,—but as a humble follower of the *Saviour*,—gentle,—CHARITABLE,—KIND,—BY WORDS OF PROMISE,—BY ACTS OF LOVE,—ROBBING THE GRAVE OF ITS VICTORY AND DEATH OF ITS STING,—TEACHING THE ACCOUNTABILITY OF MAN,—THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—*Anonymous.*

### *The PAST and the PRESENT*

The dwellers in the past uttered thoughts beyond the reaches of our *souls*,—in a speech too majestic for our harassed and utilitarian *times*.—The notion that we have *progressed*, in any true *spiritual* sense,—beyond these men and the age in which they were at *home*,—is an *illusion*,—from which,—for the sake of our *souls*,—we must speedily *awaken*.—We have indeed gained a knowledge of facts *unknown* to them;—but in the vast abysses of space and *time* we have not found the splendors which inspired *them*.—Their little world was a *home* to them,—perhaps because it had many *exits*;—

our *vaster* one,—having none,—has become a *prison* for us.—We have multiplied *machinery* and enslaved *ourselves*.—We have extended *democracy*—and abridged *freedom*.—We have lost the old sense of the unexplored possibilities of *life*; we cannot respond,—as did the men of the time which we rightly call the *New Birth*,—to the challenge of the *future* and the *unknown*.—The soul of the wide world ceases to be *prophetic*, and dreams no more on things to *come*.—We are *materialists*;—which means that we think of *ourselves* as products and effects of *that* world which to *them* was the instrument and opportunity of the spirit of *man*.—

To renew our sense of the scope of the *soul*, of human *freedom*,—and of the unexhausted possibilities of the *spirit*,—we need to turn back from our universe of repetitions and *inevitabilities*,—our worldwide *empires* and colossal *republics*,—to the little world and the tiny nations of the *past*.—We must unlearn the childish *error* which mistakes bigness for *greatness*,—numbers for *quality*,—and money for *wealth*.—Spiritual grandeur has commonly dwelt with material *littleness*.—The insignificant Palestine and *Greece*;—the little *England*, with a population less than that of Lon-

don *today*,—and no colonial *empire*; the tiny *Italian* republics, unsecured even by the “scraps of paper” of their more *potent* neighbors,—from *these* have come forth the imperishable glories of the race of *man*.—

We need not *infer*,—indeed,—that the huge nations of the modern world can not do the things *nobler* than were done by the little ones of the *past*;—my unswerving faith is that they *can* and *will*.—But certain it *is* that these achievements will *not* be realized unless the power of vision and creation can be *renewed* in us.—In the Elizabethan *time*,—*most* men, from our lordly and emancipated point of *view*, were ignorant and *superstitious*.—We are wise and *sceptical*.—We have exchanged poetry for *science*,—we have bartered the heavenly *promise* of the rainbow for a knowledge of its *chemistry*.—By the patient labor of three centuries we have *gained infinitely*,—and it behooves us to be *grateful* for the potent wizardry wherewith science has *armed* us.—But, *alas!*—we have lost *one* secret that was known to the superstitious people of the *older* world;—the secret that MAN IS A SPIRIT, AND THAT THE WORLD OF THE SENSES, VAST AND IMPRESSIVE AS IT MAY BE,—IS NO MORE THAN THE SHADOW OF THE SOUL,—and its means of communica-

tion with *other* souls—and with the *universal* spirit.—Without *that* secret we cannot live.—Until we have learned once more to recognize what a piece of work is a *man*,—and how things *bow* before him;—until we have ceased to be bullied and *cowed* by the world machine which our own minds have *framed*, we shall not see again the magnificence of the age that crowned itself with *Shakspeare*.—*Horace J. Bridges*.

## DECISIVE INTEGRITY

The man who is so *conscious* of the rectitude of his *intentions*,—as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the *world*,—is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided *character*.—The course of *such* a man will be firm and *steady*,—because he has nothing to *fear* from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of *heaven*.—While *he*,—who is conscious of secret and *dark* designs which, if known, would *blast* him,—is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public *observation*,—and is afraid of all *around*,—and much more of all *above* him.—

*Such* a man may,—indeed,—pursue his iniquitous plans, *steadily*;—he may waste himself

to a skeleton in the guilty *pursuit*:—but it is *impossible* that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring *confidence*,—and exulting *alacrity*, with him who feels, at every step,—that he is in the pursuit of *honest* ends,—by honest *means*.—The clear unclouded *brow*,—the open *countenance*,—the brilliant eye which can look an honest man *steadfastly*, yet courteously in the *face*,—the healthfully beating *heart*,—and the firm elastic *step*,—belong to him whose bosom is *free* from guile,—and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and *right*.—Why should such a man falter in his *course*?—He may be *slandered*,—he may be deserted by the *world*;—but he has that *within* which will keep him *erect*,—and enable him to move *onward* in his course, with his eyes fixed on *heaven*,—which he knows will not *desert* him.—

Let your *first* step,—then,—in that discipline which is to give you decision of *character*,—be the heroic *determination* to be *honest* men,—and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of *fortune*, and in every relation which connects you with *society*.—I do not use this phrase,—“*honest men*,”—in the *narrow* sense,—merely, of meeting your *pecuniary* engagements, and paying your *debts*;—for *this*

the common pride of *gentlemen* will constrain you to *do*.—I use it in its *larger* sense of discharging *all* your duties,—both public and *private*,—both open and *secret*, with the most *scrupulous*,—heaven-attesting *integrity*,—in that sense,—*farther*,—which drives from the bosom all *little*,—dark,—crooked,—sordid,—*debasing* considerations of *self*,—and substitutes in their place a *bolder*,—loftier, and *nobler* spirit:—one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as *born*,—not so much for *yourselves*,—as for your *country*, and your fellow-*creatures*,—and which will lead you to act on every occasion *sincerely*,—justly,—generously, *magnanimously*.—

THERE IS A MORALITY ON A LARGER SCALE,—PERFECTLY CONSISTENT WITH A JUST ATTENTION TO YOUR OWN AFFAIRS,—WHICH IT WOULD BE THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY TO NEGLECT:—a generous *expansion*, a proud *elevation* and conscious greatness of *character*,—which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be *thrown*;—and it is to this *high* and noble tone of *character* that I would have you to *aspire*.—I would not have you to resemble those *weak* and meagre *streamlets*,—which lose their direction at every petty impediment that *presents* itself,—and



stop,—and turn *back*, and creep *around*, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly *course*.—Nor yet would I have you resemble the head-long *torrent* that carries havoc in its mad *career*.—But I would have you like the *ocean*,—that noblest emblem of majestic *decision*,—which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the *shore*,—filling the heavens,—day and *night*,—with the echoes of its sublime declaration of *independence*,—and tossing and sporting, on its *bed*,—with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at *opposition*. It is *this* depth,—and weight, and *power*,—and purity of *character*,—that I would have you to *resemble*;—and I would have you,—like the waters of the *ocean*,—become the purer by your *own* action.—*Wirt.*

## SERVICE

No people is prosperous because a *few* are *rich*.—No family is *happy* because only *one* member has fallen.—No man has done his duty when he has made his *own* fortune,—educated his *own* children,—built his *own* house.—His very accomplishment is the measure of his

wider *obligation*.—The sons of Reuben and of Gad and half the tribe of *Manasseh* may not rest when their claim is *staked*;—they must labour in battle to help the *unsettled*.—If one member *suffer*—all the members suffer with *it*.—NO MAN LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF.—No nation may set *arbitrary* bounds—and say to all that lies *beyond*:—"Thus far shalt thou *come* and no *further*."—The child is not long in the *nursery*.—The *street*,—the *school*,—the *city*,—the *world* are waiting to put their *mark* upon him.—Happy the parent who has put *his* mark upon his children—the mark of Service!"—*Rev. Robert Freeman.*

PART IV  
INTIMATE TOPICS

GREETINGS *to* SCHOOL CHILDREN

**G***REETINGS* and a word,—on the way, —to that army of school children of *America*,—marching, after the long summer vacation, along the old-accustomed paths to school.

You,—alone of *all* armies,—retain your full quota.—All others are torn either by enlistment or by shot and *shell*.—Your *fathers*,—your *brothers*,—your *sisters*,—your *mothers*,—are “over *there*.”—You are *proud* of them and sometimes in fancy,—can see them thru the smoke and *dust*.—You expect them to do their *duty*. Have you thought that they expect *you* to do *yours*?—How are you going to *do* it?—What sort of duty is yours to *do*?—

Let us think it *over*.—The first thing a soldier learns is *discipline*.—It is sometimes spelled “*o-b-e-d-i-e-n-c-e*.”—Disobedience in the army is a shame and a *disgrace*.—In extreme cases it is punished by *death*; in lesser cases, by hardships almost as bad as *death*.—

The second thing he learns is *courtesy*.—

The good soldier carries himself like a *gentleman*.—He is obliged to speak politely to his superiors in *rank*.—By this means he comes to speak politely to his *comrades*.—Courtesies *sweeten* the soldier's life.—They smooth the army *work*.—They lessen the burdens in hospital and *camp* for our sisters and our *mothers* who are "over *there*."—

The third big thing the soldier learns is *neatness*.—He can't be a soldier and be anything but clean in attire and *equipment*.—And when he is neat and *clean*,—he thinks *better* of himself.—

Other big things that come to him are pride of the *company*,—the *regiment*,—the soldier's *pride* of courage,—victory,—honor,—truth,—love of *country*.—He finds his very *soul* in the army.—He finds *himself* also—prompt,—able,—courteous,—honest,—*dutiful*.—

YOU—SCHOLARS OF AMERICA—MUST EMULATE THE SOLDIERLY DISCIPLINE OF THE ARMIES OF AMERICA.—You are the greatest and best army that we have left at *home*.—You *must* be courteous.—You *must* be obedient,—you must be clean and *neat*;—you must work *faithfully*—as never *before*.—This is no *common* year.—Everything is *different*—school has greater meaning as has everything

*else* in life.—You must remember that this war is being fought largely for *you*.—Most of us will be gone before its full benefits can possibly *come*.—*You* will be alive and will *enjoy* them.—

It is a *fine* army—this that sets out for school under the peaceful *elms*.—How different from that huddled,—flame scorched army of boys and girls of *Belgium* and Northern *France* wearing *gas-masks*,—fleeing between the screeching *shells*—to some underground *refuge* where they study,—to the thunder of great guns and the roar of *explosions*.—If you have any sense of *gratitude* to those who are dying for you over *there*,—can you fail to appreciate your opportunities this *year*,—of *all* years?—Can you afford to be thoughtless or *inefficient*,—disobedient or *discourteous*?—Does not the vision of the great war make you more *proud* of your American birth and *lineage*?—Does not the picture of those other school-children in lands of *war*,—make you better appreciate what you enjoy *here*?—And will you remember now, hour by *hour*,—that what the “boys” are *fighting* for, is the right for you to walk in peace along these quiet streets to a clean and well-ordered free *school* in a free *land*.—

And, boys and *girls!*—If you could only know how large a part in all teaching depends on *you*. I know that you would be as good soldiers *here* as those older boys and girls *are*,—wherever they may *be*.—You would begin with *obedience*;—in all things, *courteous*;—glorying in the spirit of the army of Freedom and *Truth*;—honest to your school and *yourself*;—proud of its *victories*;—appreciative of the *service* that those who are dying to make men *free*,—are giving you in pain and *sacrifice*—as you walk your way to and from your *schools*.—*A. G. S.*

### *The OTHER NAME for SUCCESS*

Judge Blank of *Auburn* was talking the other day about his beginning in *law*.—He was admitted to the bar when he had been only two times in a supreme judicial *court room*,—both times as a *spectator*.—But he had long before decided to be a *lawyer* and had early been impressed with the dignity of the *calling*.—

He thought out his *career*,—while he was working on the *farm* and while he was teaching *school*.—The other day he was given an unusual *honor*—*unique* we think in the record of

the *bar*,—a gathering of his appreciative fellow-attorneys at a *dinner* to celebrate the fiftieth *anniversary* of the admission of that serious-minded boy to the practice of *law*.—

You would hunt *far* to find a more interesting example of what we call —“*thinking* in terms of *success*”—than the life of this eminent *attorney*. He never quit doing just *that*.—Everything he ever *undertook*,—he carried thru,—if it was possible for any man *to* carry it thru.—Some people have not thoroughly liked him because of his “*winning ways*,”—but *most* of them have come to learn that if he was a good *fighter*,—he was a good *forgetter* and good *forgiver*.—He *won* because he thought of everything in *terms* of winning.—He never looked at anything in terms of possible *failure*.—That’s why he is today,—*young*,—*well-groomed*,—*active*,—alive to public *affairs*.—He never looked at life as anything but a *success*.

The old philosophers all taught this *very* thing.—“*think success*.”—*Rosseau* said it,—*Emerson* *preached* it.—*Prentice Mulford* *reiterated* it.—We don’t just know *why* it works out as it *does*.—There is no special *philosophy* about it but it is surely one of those things that just *works*—that’s *all*.—You take

a man like Judge *Blank*—all *energy*,—all *determination*,—all *capacity*—and all *brains* and have him think *success* and—the next moment he is acting on the assumption and he *gets there*.

No man is a *success*,—however,—solely on the side of *material* things.—I doubt if any man knows this better than the man of whom I am *writing*.—He has been in a lot of *fights*.—He has rubbed a lot of persons the *wrong* way.—He has been cordially *hated*.—But he has been just as fondly *loved* by those who *knew* him.—Fact *is*,—he does many things by *impulse* and he hits *hard*,—but when the battle is *over* he has the same sensitive and kindly aspect to fellow-*man*,—the same willingness to take over the battles of the man who had been *fighting* him, in the *first* place.—He has done a world of good by *stealth*.—

He's a rugged old *Roman*—as young as *ever*.—He seemed to practice law *easily*;—but it was because he knew *how*.—He *knew* the law and he knew the *routine* and he "*practiced*."—Lots of young lawyers do not "*practice*."—You will have to go far to find the *other* man, who has been more days in the court-room.—He got his experience in *work*.—

PERHAPS THIS IS THE OTHER REASON WHY



"THINKING SUCCESS" SPELLS "SUCCESS."—IT IS BECAUSE ITS OTHER NAME IS "HARD-WORK."—A. G. S.

## GETTING THERE *by* PERSEVERING

We had word the other day that Ralph *Skinner*—who was once a reporter in this *office*—and that not so *long* ago—is now a captain in the regular army of the U. S., stationed near *San Francisco*.—

*Here* is an example of what perseverance and *pluck* will do.—Never was there a boy who seemed to have a *harder* prospect before him than Skinner had three years *ago*.—He came here to work in this *office* when he hadn't a chance in the *world*.—He had a certain facility in *writing* but no capacity to speak of as a *reporter*.—He tried and *tried*, and never gave *up*,—but the way was long and *weary*.—Once he *quit* and went to *farming*. He made a complete and utter *failure* and celebrated it in a story of flashes of facetious *nature*—one of those stories that could not be *printed* because it was too *prolix* but which showed ability of high *order*.—

To help out his work in the *newspaper* and heighten his *usefulness* he joined the National

*Guard*.—His sole purpose was to make good on the *newspaper* and to get at the sources of news of that *class*.—He became a very good *soldier*.—His fundamental characteristic was *conscience*.—He was absolutely *honest* to himself and all of the *world*.—Of all men,—he was surpassed by *none*—in his sense of absolute devotion to duty and to *right*.—He was the *sweetest*,—*fairest*, *best* of young men.—But he was not built for advances in newspaper *work*.—No one knew it better than *he*.—

Little by little he began to get ahead in the *military* way.—Physically he *developed*.—Mentally he *grew*.—Finally I came across him one day studying *French*.—I said *nothing*.—Next I found him at work on plane *Trigonometry* and working at *logarithms*.—I asked him what was the *idea*.—He said that he was going in for examination for Second *Lieutenant* in the Regular *Army* of the U. S.,—a life profession if he *landed it*.—

*How* the lad studied!—He was married by this *time*, and happily.—This was a *spur* to him.—He took an examination and *failed*.—But he failed so that someone was impressed by the *material*—the *man* in him.—He was asked to come over and try it *again*.—The officers liked the *Stuff* in him.—He tried and

failed on a *few* studies.—I don't know how *many* times he tried before he *conquered*,—step by step,—the weary way of the night and day *toil*.—But he *got* there!—

When he went to the *examinations*,—he expected to land in the Coast *Artillery*.—An officer who evidently liked him said,—“Can you ride a *horse*?”—“*Sure*,” said Skinner.—They led up the horse and Skinner crossed a *leg* over him.—The horse ran *away* with him and he came near never getting *back*.—

“There's no question that you *can ride*,” said the officer smilingly, “but it is plain that you don't know how, at *present*.”—Skinner *learned*.—He became Second Lieutenant in the *Cavalry*;—First Lieutenant in the *Cavalry*.—Now he is a *Captain*.—

A *handsome* chap!—A *fine fellow*.—His only trouble has been his habit of *introspection*—looking at a subject from too many *angles* to find out if he could do it according to *conscience*.—He has now found *out*,—I am told,—how to decide *quickly*,—*intuitively*,—what is right and to *do* it.——

If there is a *lesson* in Capt. Skinner's life—the young man may *find* it.—He will like it full as well as he will if I try to point it out *for* him.—But it is *there*.—IT IS A LESSON OF

PATIENCE,—COURAGE,—MANLINESS,—CONSCIENCE AND FEARLESSNESS.—A. G. S.

### BEING *the* WHOLE THING

Are you one of those business men who think that nobody else can do your *work*,—that the business would *stop* if you went away for a few *days*?—If so,—mend your *ways*.—If you are running the business *that way*, it is time for you to *reorganize*.—No business should be at the mercy of *one man*.—

Here is a *true* story.—When the United States *Steel* business was *reorganized* and every one in Pittsburgh became a millionaire over *night*,—by the formation of the gigantic United States *Steel* corporation,—it happened that there was a man in the open-hearth steel *plant*—who had been there *many* years—and who was a faithful and efficient boss of his expert and highly intricate *work*.—

In the sudden down-pour of *riches*,—the happy officials thought of this *man*,—and, seeking to *reward* him for his share in the *success*,—they called him into the office,—gave him a lot of *money*—and told him that he had earned a *vacation*.—“Go abroad a *year*,”—said they, “Your pay will go on as before

on a big *advance*.—Look over everything in steel - *construction*— and steel - *manufacture*. Have a good *time*.—Rest up and *enjoy* yourself.”—

The man went away and stayed six *months*.—He had always been a *worker*;—never a *loafer*.—He had been a *powerful*,—*dominant* man who attended strictly to *business* every day of the *year*,—no *vacations*.—He became restless, in *Europe*;—he could stand it no *longer*;—he set sail for *home* and one day stepped into the main-office of the U. S. Steel Co.—and *said*: “How’s things *going*?”—

The manager looked up and said, “*Rotten*.—Nobody here knows how to make open-hearth steel as it *should* be made.—We have lost thousands and thousands of *dollars* by your absence.”—

“Gimme my *overalls*!”—shouted the happy man,—“I’m going back to work in *three minutes*.”—

“No, you are *not*,”—said the manager.—“You are going back to *Europe* and stay there for the rest of your *vacation*. No one man is ever *again* going to put the U. S. Steel Co. in the hole that *you* have left it in.—No man ought to run a department so that his *assistant* can’t run it as well as *he* did.—The

measure of a man's efficiency in a *department* is *results*,—both when he is there and when he is *not*.—If his assistants can do the work better than *he* can, it goes to *his* credit;—he has picked the *men*;—he has *taught* them.—We want no segregation of expertness in any *one* individual.—In *short*,—the excellence of a manager, is the degree to which he can disappear for brief seasons and return to find it running *smoothly*.—We do not want the U. S. Steel Co. to shut *down* because,—some bad day,—you overeat and *die*.”—

This does not mean that business-men are not to attend to *business*.—But what it *does* mean is that their efforts at running business must be directed in large affairs to *man-selection*—and the proper apportioning of responsibility *upon* them.—Hold them for *results*. Stand like *Foch* at the guidance and depend on men who shall have every opportunity to *learn*;—on *them* shall be,—under your *larger* guidance,—the issue of *success*.—

And bear this in mind, you will lose your punch if you permit yourself to go *stale*.—To this end, frequent *change*,—occasional variation of *work*,—average number of *vacations*—all these are *essential*.—A day or two in the *open*,—out where *bigger* things than have ever

developed in your factory are going *on*—out by the *sea*,—or on the *mountain* top—all of these are *required*.—Put the punch into *yourself* and into your *assistants* by consideration of the human need for rest and *recreation*.—And don't forget that you are *not*—or *should* not be indispensable to the degree that the business will *suffer* if you leave your desk for a few weeks in *summer*. *Forget* it.—You are not the *whole* business unless the business can do very nicely in your *absence*.—The *system* should be bigger than the *individual*.—A. G. S.

### BENEVOLENCE *of the* SUPREME BEING

It is saying *much* for the benevolence of *God*,—to say, that a single *world*,—or a single *system*, is not enough for *it*—that it must have the spread of a *mightier* region,—on which it may pour forth a tide of *exuberancy* throughout all its *provinces*—that, as far as our vision can *carry* us, it has strewed immensity with the floating receptacles of *life*,—and has stretched over each of them the garniture of *such* a sky as mantles our own *habitation*.—Even from distances which are far *beyond* the reach of human eye,—the songs of gratitude and *praise*

may now be arising to the *one* God, who sits surrounded by the regards of his one great and universal *family*.—

Now, it is saying much for the benevolence of *God*,—to say that it sends forth these wide and *distant* emanations over the surface of a territory so *ample*—that the world we *inhabit*,—lying imbedded as it *does*,—amidst so much *surrounding* greatness,—shrinks into a point that to the universal eye might appear to be almost *imperceptible*.—But does it not add to the *power* and to the *perfection* of this universal eye,—that at the very moment it is taking a comprehensive *survey* of the vast,—it can fasten a steady and undistracted *attention* on each minute and separate *portion* of it;—that at the very moment it is looking at *all* worlds,—it can look most pointedly and most *intelligently* to *each* of them;—that at the very moment it sweeps the field of *immensity*,—it can settle all the earnestness of its regards upon every distinct *hand-breadth* of that *field*;—that at the very moment at which it embraces the *totality* of existence,—it can send a most thorough and penetrating inspection into each of its *details*, and into every one of its endless *diversities*?—You cannot fail to perceive how much this adds to the *power* of the all-seeing



*eye*.—Tell me,—then,—if it do not add as much perfection to the benevolence of *God*,—that while it is expatiating over the vast field of created *things*,—there is not one portion of the field *overlooked* by it;—that while it scatters blessings over the whole of an *infinite* range,—it causes them to descend in a shower of plenty on every separate *habitation*;—that while his arm is underneath and round *about all* worlds,—he enters within the precincts of every *one* of them,—and gives a care and a tenderness to *each* individual of their teeming *population*.—Oh!—does not the *God*, who is said to be *love*,—shed over this attribute of his its finest *illustration*!—when,—while he sits in the highest heaven,—and pours out his *fullness* on the whole subordinate domain of nature and of *providence*,—he bows a pitying regard on the very *humblest* of his children,—AND SENDS HIS REVIVING SPIRIT INTO EVERY HEART, AND CHEERS BY HIS PRESENCE EVERY HOME, and provides for the wants of every *family*, and watches every *sick bed*,—and listens to the complaints of every *sufferer*;—and while,—by his wondrous *mind*,—the weight of universal government is *borne*,—is it not more *wondrous* and more *excellent* still,—that he feels for every *sorrow*, and has an ear open to every *prayer*!—*Chalmers*.

### *The* SHRINES of HOME

*Somewhere* in every shrine of motherhood is a tiny pair of baby's first *boots*—*crumpled* little things,—wet with a mother's *kisses*.—

After *that*,—boys' boots especially—do not get much of a show as *mementoes*.—They come and *go*—the little affairs—clomping and making much weary *noise*,—but yet greatly missed after they are *silent*,—the boy in *bed*—or perhaps slipped out of his mother's *arms* to lie long and still in the trenches under the poppy-fields of *France*.—

What if they should come *back* and stand at attention along the old,—yellow-painted kitchen *floor* back of the stove *again* as they stood in days of *yore*,—all in a *row*.—Perhaps it would make the *tears* come and perhaps they would often be chased away by *smiles*.—And the girls' boots, *too*!—*Good* girls,—*wayward* girls,—*sweet* girls,—girls with flying *hair*,—girls with *sunshine* in their eyes.—Girls *gone*!—Girls that *may* come back!—

Here is a pair of old-fashioned *copper*-toed,—*red*-topped boots—with an inscription on the *top*—"For a Good *Boy*!"—*Those* were the boots that father took in hand forty *years* ago when he took his first-born son to the *shoe-store* for a first pair of kip winter *boots*.—Dad was

about as *proud* of them as the *boy* was.—He wanted to know of the dealer if they were “real *kip*.”—“Yessir! *Warranted*.”—Those boots came *home* and were worn with self-consciousness.—Men on the street would see them and *suggest*—“Seems to me I smell *leather*.”—A boy would stand around waiting for comments on his new *boots*.—*Cute* little boots,—were they *not*—especially at *night* as soaked with the *snow* and wet by the *mud* they stood with little up-turned toes, back of the old kitchen *stove*.—

You can see the little chap going about in the *morning* with his fingers in the *straps* trying to get the shrunken things *on*.—He kicks on the *base-boards* and sweats at the *straps*.—And at the *night*-time, what a ceremonial pulling off the *boots*—bootjacks and small boys *assisting*.—It was some *fun* to back up to *dad*,—take his number ten between your *legs*,—grab hold of heel and *toe* and have him propel you forward with a foot on the dome of your little *trousers*.—And the *other* ceremonial was getting out the tallow and the *lamp-black* and greasing them so that they would shine and resist the *wet*.—We were very *dressy* when we had half an inch of mutton tallow on top of the old *kip boots*.—

Do we live much *outside* of the children, after *all*?—SOMETHING TENDER,—SOMETHING INDESCRIBABLY SWEET AND HOPEFUL INVESTS THE SOUL AS WE PONDER ON THE LIFE THAT COMES and the life that passes on thru childhood to eternal *youth*, elsewhere.—The little feet that ran at *play*,—that climbed into the lap of *parenthood*,—that stumbled often on the way,—that went yet more and more *sedately* as the years came and *went* and that, perchance,—have now turned with cadence of *music* and waving of *flags* to the call of high *duty* into the way that leads away from the village streets into great duty and perhaps the great *sacrifice*—what wonder that somehow they mean *more* to us than anything else, on the home-altars!—

Small *wonder*,—then,—that baby's first boots should be the material memento in so *many* homes.—In these *hours*, to take them *out* and recreate the dimpled little thing that snuggled under the *heart*; that had such fair blue *eyes* and such flaxen *curls*;—that grew up at last and went away *forever*,—is to live over again the elysium of young life in the shrine of the *family*.—And it is *this* vision that leads us to take oath that by *sacrifice* and by *giving* and by *fighting*—we shall forever maintain the

right to have these fair flowers of our lives come to full beauty and *fruition*;—in *short*, that government *of* the people,—*by* the people and *for* the people,—shall not *perish* from the earth.—*A. G. S.*

### *On the INTOLERABLE*

An old Roman philosopher *says*,—"Don't take upon yourself the burden of your *whole* life at any one *time*,—nor form an image of all probable *misfortunes*.—In any *emergency*, ask yourself,—'What is there *intolerable* in this?'"—

In other words, it will be better not to borrow *trouble* and not to look too far ahead into the *darkness*.—Better make the best of *present* conditions and confront the beast in the woods when you *meet* him.—He may not *be* there!—

Thus, many people are continually settling questions that never come *up*.—Conditions *change* and the issue you feared never *materializes*.—It is well to do the best you can for *to-day* and so order your life that you will be in good shape to meet all *emergencies*,—but as for conjuring up *bogies*—and fussing over things that you are not sure will *happen*—it is a waste of *time*.—

For instance,—I know a young person who upset two *households* over settling the question whether or *not* the two young people of those *households* should room together in college, a year or so *hence*.—It made a tremendous *fuss*.—One of them *failed* to get into college.—Exit—*problem!*—

There is a whole lot of value in a certain form of *procrastination*.—I don't mean procrastination of immediate *duty*.—I urge rather the putting off of the absolute *settlement* of many things until they *have* to be *settled*.—I urge this,—for in *reality*,—prompt and sensible *judgment* is to be made only on the basis of existing *circumstances*,—not on the basis of circumstances as you fancy they may be at some future *time*.—Prompt *judgment*,—wise *dealing* are best made in the conditions of the *moment*,—but it is not possible to settle *to-day* a state of affairs that may exist next *September*.—Nevertheless,—many people seem to think they are obliged to *attempt* it.—A good many times you never have to settle it at *all*.—It settles *itself*.—It is like the *tariff*.—We have been trying to settle it for a hundred *years*.—Now it is settling itself on the fields of *Flanders*.—But don't cross bridges until you *come* to them.—

And,—too,—when things are *bad* you ask yourself, “What is there *intolerable* about this?”—Is not that a fine line of advice for us *to-day*,—considering that it comes out of the *ages*.—Suppose that someone had told you five *years* ago that your little high school boy would be over in *France*,—in a *mud-hole*,—covered with *vermin*,—*rats* running after him,—knee deep in *water* and shot at with poison gases and *shrapnel*.—You simply could not have stood the *thought*.—Now, it is not intolerable,—is *it?*—

There once was a man whose motto was “It might have been *worse*.”—Once a friend thought he would put this chap out of *countenance*.—He could not do it *easily*,—so he went to his fancy for *material*.—He accordingly pictured to this friend a terrible *situation* in which he had found him in a *dream*.—He had seen this hopeful friend in *hell*.—He was suffering every possible *torture*.—There was not a single *loophole* left for the poor fellow.—It was simply *frightful*.—It was a dream of *terror*.—“Now, sir, what do you say to *that*?”—asked the man *triumphantly*.—“O, it might have been *worse*,” was the reply.—“*Worse!*”—echoed the man.—“*Worse!* how could it have been *worse?*”—“Easily,”—replied the *cheerful* one.—“It might have been *true*.”—

THAT'S THE WAY WITH MOST OF OUR TROUBLES.—THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRUE AND THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A LOT WORSE THAN IT NOW IS.—In suffering and in *sorrow* it is well to remember that we are living in the *present* moment—and that each moment that we *pass* brings us so much the nearer to the breaking of the *day* when the suffering shall have been *assuaged* and the sorrow have passed *away*.—*A. G. S.*

### JUSTICE *as a* SOLVENT

We hear a good deal about a middle ground of unity between the warring "*classes*" of earth. But what *are* classes?—Are men and women to be *classified* because one man has been *frugal*,—*thrifty*,—careful of his *health*,—and *self-educated* as against the man who has chosen to do *nothing* all thru life but follow his *passions*,—his *lusts*,—his *idleness*,—all of the while grumbling at the man who has gone ahead in service and in *accumulation*?—Does a million of the *improvident*,—constitute a class against a million of the *provident*?—

*Oppression* is what we should get after in this *world*—and we should get after it by administration of every agency that will *oblit-*



*erate* it.—It is a sly *fox* and should be chased to its *hole* and there drowned *out*.—Special privileges are the *mice* that burrow into the comfort of a million *homes*.—Wrongful segregation of the common utilities of life should be hunted *down* and made to *stop*.—

When the public *speaker*,—therefore,—talks about a middle-ground of *meeting* in the warfare of nations and classes within *nations*,—he talks about "*Justice*."—The Bolshevik *scorns* justice,—saying that it is merely a specious interpretation of *power*,—made by the man who got the jump on the *other* and said that this is *just*—and that *unjust*,—when as a matter of *fact* there is no moral law *involved*.—But justice *is*,—nevertheless,—the solvent and the ideal of human comfort and *right*.—Generally,—all human needs are spelled in three *languages*—*physical*,—*mental*,—*spiritual*.—Justice is the largest measure of human *liberty* consistent with the rights of *others*.—Those rights are not altogether in food, clothing and *luxuries*—they are to be found also in human-love,—protection of *children*,—sanctity of *home*,—right to live on the face of the *earth*,—satisfaction of the yearnings of spirit,—conscience,—religion,—*soul*.—

It is *absurd*,—therefore,—to go on fighting

for purely *material* things.—We cannot spell progress in dollars *altogether*—nor even in shorter hours of *labor*.—A world in which every man was earning a hundred dollars a *week* and working an hour a *day*, would starve to *death*.—The earth would laugh at him and say, “*Starve*.”—The edict of Eden was “by the sweat of thy *brow* shalt thou earn thy daily *bread*,”—or words to that *effect*.—If the *materialist*,—who represented in the beginning a common ownership of *land* and a common *right* to land,—had put his labor into a field of *corn*, he would not care to *share* that labor and its productiveness with a *man* who sat along the edge of the furrow, with his arms about the neck of a *nymph* and a bottle of wine in his *stomach*.—He would demand *segregation* of that corn-field against such non-*producer*,—and thus would be set up again the “*class*.”—He would say, “This is *my* field.”—

DEMOCRACY IS NOT A UTOPIA OF IDLENESS.—There is no greater *mistake* than that comfort can come by less of honest *work*.—There is no truth in the notion that “*labor*” is with the hands *alone*.—Happiness is not alone in creature *comforts*.—*Pleasure* exacts the same toll out of life as does *toil*—only more swift and *depleting*.—Its opposite is *pain*.—The op-

posite of *work* is peace and sound *sleep*.—Those who talk as tho this world were *all* of it and that what we can get here by *theft*,—by *anarchy*,—by the red *flag*,—is all to the *good*;—are making the terrible *mistake* of forgetting that we have *three* natures—*physical*,—*intellectual* and *spiritual*,—and that we all go hence to some *reckoning*.—If this were *true*—that all we get here by theft, anarchy and revolution, is all to the *good*—and that the end is *oblivion*—the world is a monstrous *mistake*.—This is the doctrine that sent Germany to the *trenches* and made of the world a *shambles*. This is the doctrine that our boys have been *fighting*.—A. G. S.

### MAKING *out your* INCOME TAX

Figure it as you *please*,—no man can make out an income tax, the first time, and have it *balance*.—I have made out *mine*, recently, and *know*.—And to-day I cannot tell whether I owe the government \$872.19—or the government owes *me* \$94.—I am naturally inclined to the *latter* opinion;—but I can't tell until I get acquainted with the meaning of *fiduciary* and *amortization*—and can tell the difference between a tax-covenant *bond* and a non-resident *alien*.—

The point is right here in my income *tax*:—did I contribute under the vocational *rehabilitation* act—(see Sect. E)—“to an amount not in excess of 15 per cent of net *income* as computed without the benefit of this *paragraph*,—such contributions allowable as deductions only if verified by the Commissioner with the approval of the *Secretary*,”—or did I in the case of *buildings*—“allow for the *amortization* of the cost of such part of the buildings as had been borne by the *tax-payer*.”—It seems to me as tho I *did*, and then again when I wake up, it seems as tho I did *not*.—

I amble along in my study of my *income tax* and it occurs to me that—“in cases under *paragraph four* of subdivision A and in case of any *income* from an estate during the period of administration or settlement permitted by *subdivision (c)*—to be deducted from the net income paid by *fiduciary*,—the tax shall *not* be paid by the fiduciary.”—If this be *so*,—then it makes some *difference*.

I was working on my income tax *yesterday* all by *myself*—with no expert *assistance*, because I desired to find out how the matter struck a common, uneducated *mind*.—I figured *persistently*—and by adding in the *amortizations*—and subtracting the *fiduciaries*,

I found that under section (g) Part IV, title "Payment of *Taxes*,"—I owed the government \$872.19.—This was more than I expected, because I never had \$872.19 in all my life at one *time*.—The nearest I ever had was \$400, when I went on my wedding *trip*,—and I had it all in *one-dollar* bills, so as to impress my new wife with a plethoric *bank-roll*.—I may say in passing that her dream has been *shattered*.—

The perspiration gathered on my brow as I looked at the \$872.19 and I *read*,—"In any suit or action brought to *enforce* payment of taxes made due and payable by virtue of the provisions of this *section*, the finding of the *commissioner*,—made as hereinunder provided,—shall be for all purposes presumptive evidence of the taxpayer's *design*,—whether made after notice to the taxpayer or *not*."—Of course if the "finding" of the *Commissioner* included the finding also of the \$872.19,—it would be all *right*,—but farther on,—I notice that if *neither* of us can find it,—"*all individuals*, whether acting as lessees, or mortgagors of property, fiduciaries, employers, with interest, annuities, amortizations, salaries, compensations, emoluments or *other gains*—(not including gain in *flesh*)—who *fail* to pay,

—shall be sent to jail for a *year* and punished by paying a fine which floats before my dazed eyes so oddly that sometimes it looks like \$1,000 and sometimes like \$10,000.—A. G. S.

### *The* UNIT of SERVICE

We have all lately been besought to do something for our *city* by way of standing for organization and service through such *organization*.

I wonder if all of us give sufficient consideration to the matter of "*units*" of service.—We agree that service is the *thing*.—This war has *enforced* it as it never was enforced *before*.—A pastor, who has been in the *trenches*,—has found that the secret of bravery is in "*merely serving*."—It seems to occupy the mind and uplift the *soul*.—One is never afraid,—while doing things for *others*.—If serving others is the thing greatly to be *desired*,—then it seems to be essential that we *start* something—as the *saying is*—start it *now* and start it at *home*.—It is elementally a *duty*.—He who fails in it may properly be called a *slacker*.—It is a duty to turn the hand to the plow in the furrow in our *own* field;—not be forever looking abroad for *other* fields that we fancy to be fairer and to need it *more*.—

You and I have seen men and women who were always wanting to do the *big* thing.—They went roaming *abroad*,—evangelizing the *new* world—while their own families went without decent *food*,—decent *attention*,—decent clothing and got along with no house-keeping *whatsoever*.—In *olden* days, they sewed for the *heathen* rather than patched the pants of the boys at *home*.—There are some of these people *now*.—They want to go over and win the *war*.—It is very *commendable*—but they would probably be in the *way*.—Far better to stay at *home*,—sacrifice and *give*,—and all the while try to make the home unit better and *better*.—*After* the war,—America is to be saved or lost by the condition of her cities and *towns*.—If municipal and town government is a *failure*,—then woe unto the state and *nation*!—

HENCE—THE PROPER UNIT OF Service TO THE STATE IS NEVER TO BE Overlooked.—*You* are a unit and you must begin by consecrating a portion of *yourself*,—at least,—to the service of your immediate *neighbors*.—Your original *duty* is to be clean and decent *yourself*.—Then you must *protect* and *educate* and *up-build* your children into manhood and womanhood in the true *sense*.—Service to *neighbors*

is the starting-point *outside* the home.—After *that* you serve the *ward*.—Then you serve the town or *city*.—If your town is clean and *good* and honest and *loyal* and devoted to the cause of the *Folks* by a concentration of such units as *yourself*,—and if there be *other* towns made up of units like *you*, then the state becomes honest,—loyal,—clean—and purely *democratic*.—

So I say it is impossible for any *regeneration* of statehood to come,—unless it begins with the *home-unit*.—YOU CAN'T REBUILD A PEOPLE FROM THE STATE DOWN.—IT MUST COME FROM THE PEOPLE UP.—We live on a certain *street*, in a certain *neighborhood*, in a certain *town*,—in a certain *state*, in a certain *Nation*.—If you and Tom and Dick and *Harry* all agree to be *helpful*,—*generous*,—*altruistic* citizens and to make your city a wonder-city in respect to beauty and decency and *livableness*—it will be helped and then the state and Nation, as *well*. It is *service*.—A. G. S.

### PLAYING *the* GAME

Come on—be a good *scout*!—It costs *nothing*; pays *dividends*;—eases up on the friction of the *world* and fits you for *heaven*.—



It is *hard* for some people to be *pleasant*.—We have to *pity* them.—They may have reasons for *not* being gentle and kindly and *happy*.—They may have corns on their *livers*; or warts on their *spleens*.—Perhaps they make more *bile* than their circulatory organs can *deliver*. But there never was one of them who could *not*,—if he really *wanted* to do so,—become a tractable and decent *companion*.—Many of them succeed in going along in an *apparently* joyous way, when they feel *otherwise*.—

All honor to these *heroes*.—It is the chap who has been soured by some personal *calamity* and who goes into a hermitage of the soul and *senses*;—who crawls into an iron-clad *tank* and spouts flame at all *creation*, that we feel ought to be *reached*.—He ought to know that nothing can have happened to him that has not happened to others in *former* days.—Listen to what *Euripides* wrote, over two thousand *years* ago:—"Naught else to *us* hath yet been dealt, but that which daily, men have *felt*."—Suppose that a great calamity *befell* you.—It is not necessary to be *specific*, in illustration,—but let us say that it is something real, *vital*!—CONSIDER!—IT IS JUST WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OTHERS.—BE A GOOD SCOUT!—TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!—

Here is a true story about a remarkable man who died *recently*.—He was a *master-mind*.—His position in our social, intellectual and political order was *high*.—He had the keenest,—*straightest-thinking* brain that could possibly be given to *man*.—He was at the *apex* of a lifetime of hard *work*—just when he had a right to enjoy the rewards of patient *study*, the accumulated lore of law and *practice*.—He went to a specialist one day to find out what was the cause of his *illness*.—He received his *death-warrant*.—He had a hopeless case of *cancer*.—He might live a *year*,—or two.—He came home and went to *work*.—

And then ensued a peculiar case of loving *fortitude*.—He kept his hopelessness from his *family*.—Never a *word* said he.—A smile on his *face*,—a laugh on his *lips*,—a patient going about his work as long as *strength* lasted—and then a *final* illness in which he professed a persistent hope of recovery to the *end*.—And that is not *all*.—Certain members of his family knew the situation *also*.—*Nothing* was said about it.—The *wife* was the only one who was *unaware* of the fatality of the disease and two years of such comfort as *hope* could give her were the *reward* of this family—each keeping the supposed secret from the *other*—the son

believing that the father was uninformed of the nature of the *disease*—the father believing that the *son* did not know.—And so this group, maintaining an outward *cheer*, went on to the *end*.—You cannot beat it in all of the stories of *heroism*.—

So I say to *others*—whatever *happens*,—you can always play the game to the *end*.—You can always be *considerate*.—Nothing has happened to *you* that hath not happened to *others*.—Play the *game*!—Tune *up*!—Be a “good scout.”—*A. G. S.*

### WORD PAINTING *regarding* BUBB’S CREEK

From the discovered *trail*,—we descended through a little canyon to the level of *Bubb’s Creek*,—and before the day *died*,—we were camped upon its *banks*—and what a *glorious* place it was!—No pen can *describe* it—for no mind could put its glories into language worthy of the *theme*.—We awoke from our dreams at *dawn*—and *such* a dawn!—

Over our heads streamed great pinions of *light*,—long shafts that shot their glory into the *clouds*,—crowning the heights beyond us in the *West*,—framing the headlands on whose

stony *brows*,—from Creation's *dawn*,—eternal snows had held their life against all the battles of the *sun*.—*Here* were fleecy clouds,—great continents of white,—loosely floated into the *blue*,—changing each moment like a drilling regiment on *parade*,—and as they shifted back took on *new* shapes and piled higher and higher into the *heavens*.—Thus the day *opened*,—disclosing the faces and ridges and near glories of the most *wonderful* groups of scenery in the heart of the High *Sierras*.

In the *foreground*,—a wild,—rock-walled *valley*,—rested the eyes which grew dim at *times* with the endless vision of the mightier pageant in the heavens *above*.—Down through these sunless *woods* leaped and dashed the great *creek*,—almost a *river* in its volume of *waters*.—Just a *mile* away were three perpendicular *cliffs*.—Out over the skylined rim of *these*,—three great *waterfalls*,—not less than twenty-five feet in *height*,—sprang into the *air* and swayed like long ribbons into the valley *below*.—The distance was so *great*,—that, as these falls swayed in the breeze like delicate *laces*,—they lost the solidity of their first *out-leap* and dissolved into *mists*.—Now and then the breeze swayed *toward* us and we caught the faint splash of *waters*, evanescent voices

full of poetic *suggestion*. THE NIGHT FELL UPON US WITH A THRALL OF STARS,—THE GREAT WHITE MOON AND THE GLORY OF THE MOONLIGHT MOUNTAINS.—*Anonymous*.

### *The SPIRIT of the PHONOGRAPH*

I am the spirit of the *Phonograph*.—Nothing brought to me escapes my *grasp*.—The babble of the *child*,—the note of the *singer*,—the voice of the *orator*,—the cry of the new-born *babe*,—the music of the *masters* interpreted by harmonious *orchestras*,—all come to me and rest in my charge and *ward*.—The thunder of *cannon* does not *affright* me,—nor the whispered word of love lose its *record*.—I speak all languages known to *mankind*.—I can reproduce the unsyllabled cries of the *animal*,—and the songs of the feathered *tribe*.—Nor does my *memory* fail me.—

To man come age and *weakness*;—come fading and still fading impressions of earlier *days*,—of loved forms and *faces*,—of dear voices whispering love's tenderest *promises*,—fading and still *fading* until all are *forgotten*,—and from palsied hands are dropped treasures once hugged to the heart's *core*.—To me there comes no *weakness*—no *decrepitude*.—

I am memory's eternal *minister*.—In me the vanished live *again*.—"I am the resurrection and the *life*."—HE WHO BREATHES TO ME HIS THOUGHTS,—HIS WISHES,—HIS EMOTIONS,—OR HIS PASSIONS, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD,—YET SHALL HE LIVE.—*Anonymous*.

### A DESERTED GARDEN

*Yesterday*,—just when the sun was going down,—I went for a walk in the Deserted Garden.—It lies on the top of a quiet *hill*,—which rises gently from a regular nest of busy *streets*.—There was a house there *once*—a great house with broad *steps* leading up from the street in a kind of *arcade*,—and there were porches and conservatories and sun-*parlors*,—and inside, all the doors were made of *rosewood*,—and the handles of the doors were made of beaten *silver*.—The floors were of *oak*,—the ceilings were high and *lofty* and there were old-fashioned chandeliers with glittering prisms of *glass* that shone in a thousand colors when the gas was *lit*.—There were curious dressing-*rooms*—with quaint old bowls of marble inlaid in *colors*—all done in Florence far across the *sea* and brought with great care and expense out here to *America*.—

The story of the house shows long *processions* coming and *going*;—first a great *merchant* when there were gay parties that filled the old mansion to *overflowing*,—but illness and death came up the great *steps* and knocked with imperative knuckles upon the wide door of solid *rosewood*,—and the great merchant sold the house and went *away*.—Then followed a *sea-captain*,—but he died, and his family *with* him and *others* came—and again *others*.—

There were *weddings* in the great rooms and *once*,—they say, there were ten-thousand baby roses hung in garlands in the great *sun-porch*,—that was when there was a *christening*.—Crepe was hung upon the silver door-knob—for *Death* would as soon turn a silver handle for his *entry* as one made of wood or *porcelain*, and then the old house was *deserted*.—

It stood in the midst of its wonderful *gardens*,—lonely and pathetic *always*—as if it were standing on *tiptoes* to look down the *street* and see when some of the family were coming *home* again—to open the dark *shutters* and throw wide the *door*—and let in the sunshine like a *benediction*.—The winds beat against the *doors*,—the *fogs* wrapped the old house in a gray veil spangled with *silver*—and

the *rain* streamed down upon the decaying *roof*,—and one day the place was *sold*—and it was told that the gardens were to be made over into *city lots*.—They tore *down* the old house,—sold the rosewood *doors*—and the old-fashioned *mirrors* and the marble *mantels* that had gone out of *fashion*.—They cut down the *laurel trees*— and burned the *jasmine* and the *fuchsias* and *heliotrope* to the ground.—But the property is not sold *after all*—not *yet*.—

The *heliotrope* has sprung *up* again,—the *geraniums* have made themselves into a *hedge*,—the *honeysuckle* and sweet-*alyssum* cling together and run along the *walk* till they are like a fragrant carpet of white and *purple*,—and everywhere the roses burgeon and bloom in riotous *perfumery*.—

THE BLOSSOMS SEEM TO SAY “THERE IS NO DEATH.”—Afar they *wander*, some of them in strange lands beyond the alien *seas*,—and some in great cities to the *East*,—and some are old that once were *young*, and some perhaps are *sad* that once were *gay*,—but in that old garden they once knew and *loved*,—the roses are blooming as fresh as if there was no such things as *death* or *change* in all the *earth*.—*Annie Laurie*.



PART V

NATIONAL FORUM SPEECHES

*NOTE: The numbers on these speeches correspond with the Columbia record numbers, and are obtainable from the National Forum, 102 W. 38th Street, New York. They are not marked for delivery.*

"READJUSTMENT"

*By Warren G. Harding*

*Record Number N. F. 21*

**M**Y COUNTRYMEN: There isn't anything the matter with world civilization, except that humanity is viewing it through a vision impaired in a cataclysmal war. Poise has been disturbed and nerves have been racked, and fever has rendered men irrational; sometimes there have been draughts upon the dangerous cup of barbarity and men have wandered far from safe paths, but the human procession still marches in the right direction.

Here in the United States, we feel the reflex, rather than the hurting wound, but we still think straight, and we mean to act straight, and mean to hold firmly to all that was ours when war involved us, and seek the higher attainments which are the only compensations that so supreme a tragedy may give mankind.

America's present need is not heroics, but healing; not nostrums but normalcy; not revolution, but restoration; not agitation, but adjustment; not experiment, but equipose; not submergence in internationality, but sustinment in triumphant nationality.

It is one thing to battle successfully against world domination by a military autocracy, because the infinite God never intended such a program, but it is quite another thing to revise human nature and suspend the fundamental laws of life and all of life's acquirements.

The world called for peace. America demands peace, formal as well as actual, and means to have it so we may set our own house in order. We challenged the proposal that an armed autocrat should dominate the world, and choose for ourselves to cling to the representative democracy which made us what we are.

This republic has its ample tasks. If we put an end to false economics which lure humanity to utter chaos, ours will be the commanding example of world leadership today. If we can prove a representative popular government under which a citizenship seeks what it may do for the government and country rather than what the government may do the

individuals, we shall do more to make democracy safe for the world than all the armed conflict ever recorded. The world needs to be reminded that all human ills are not curable by legislation, and that quantity of statutory enactment and excess of government offer no substitute for quality of citizenship.

The problems of maintained civilization are not to be solved by a transfer of responsibility from citizenship to government, and no eminent page in history was ever drafted to the standards of mediocrity. More, no government is worthy of the name which is directed by influence on the one hand, or moved by intimidation on the other.

My best judgment of America's needs is to steady down, to get squarely on our feet, to make sure of the right path. Let's get out of the fevered delirium of war, with the hallucination that all the money in the world is to be made in the madness of war and the wildness of its aftermath. Let us stop to consider that tranquility at home is more precious than peace abroad, and that both our good fortune and our eminence are dependent on the normal forward stride of all the American people.

We want to go on, secure and unafraid, holding fast to the American inheritance, and

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confident of the supreme American fulfillment.

**"An ASSOCIATION of NATIONS"**

*By Warren G. Harding*

*Record Number N. F. 23*

We believe the unspeakable sorrows, the immeasurable sacrifices, the awakened convictions and the aspiring conscience of human kind must commit the nations of the earth to a new and better relationship. It need not be discussed now what motives plunged the world into war, it need not be inquired whether we asked the sons of this Republic to defend our national rights, as I believe we did, or to purge the old world of the accumulated ills of rivalry and greed, and sacrifices will be in vain if we cannot acclaim a new order, with added security to civilization and peace maintained.

One may readily sense the conscience of our America. I am sure I understand the purpose of the dominant group of the Senate. We were not seeking to defeat a world aspiration, we were resolved to safeguard America. We were resolved then, even as we are today, and will be tomorrow, to preserve this free and independent Republic. Let those now respon-

sible, or seeking responsibility, propose the surrender, whether with interpretations, apologies, or reluctant reservations—from which our rights are to be omitted—we welcome the referendum to the American people on the preservation of America, and the Republican party pledges its defense of the preserved inheritance of national freedom.

In the call of the conscience of America is peace, peace that closes the gaping wound of world war, and silences the impassioned voices of international envy and distrust. Heeding this call and knowing as I do the disposition of Congress, I promise you formal and effective peace so quickly as a Republican Congress can pass its declaration for a Republican executive to sign.

Then we may turn to our readjustment at home and proceed deliberately and reflectively to that hoped-for world relationship which shall satisfy both conscience and aspirations and still hold us free from menacing involvement.

I can hear in the call of conscience an insistent voice for the largely reduced armaments throughout the world, with attending reduction of burdens upon peace-loving humanity. We wish to give of American influence and

example; we must give of American leadership to that invaluable accomplishment.

I can speak unreservedly of the American aspirations and the Republican committal for an association of nations, co-operating in sublime accord, to attain and preserve peace through justice rather than force, determined to add to security through international law, so clarified that no misconstruction can be possible without affronting world honor.

It is better to be the free and disinterested agent of international justice and advancing civilization, with the covenant of conscience, than to be shackled by a written compact which surrenders our freedom of action and gives a military alliance the right to proclaim America's duty to the world.

No surrender of rights to a world council or its military alliance, no assumed mandatory, however appealing, ever shall summon the sons of this Republic to war. Their supreme sacrifice shall only be asked for America and its call of honor. There is a sanctity in that right which we will not surrender to any other power on earth.

**"LEAGUE of NATIONS"***By Warren G. Harding**Record Number N. F. 3*

Nationality is the call of the heart of liberated people, and the dream of those to whom freedom becomes an undying cause. It's the guiding light, the song, the prayer, the consummation for our own people, although we were never assured indissoluble union until the civil war was fought. Can any red blooded American consent now, when we have come to understand its priceless value, to merge our nationality into internationality, merely because brotherhood and fraternity and fellowship and peace are soothing and appealing terms?

Out of the ferment, the turmoil, the debts and echoing sorrows; out of the appalling waste and far reaching disorder; out of threats against orderly government and the assaults on our present day civilization, I think I can see the opening way for America. We must preserve the inheritance and cling to just government.

We do not need and we do not mean to live within and for ourselves alone, but we do mean to hold our ideals safe from foreign incursion. We have commanded respect and confidence---

commanded them in the friendships and the associations of peace, commanded them in the conflicts and comradeships of war. It's easily possible to hold the world's high estimate through righteous relationships. If our ideals of civilization are the best in the world, and I proudly believe that they are, then we ought to send the American torchbearers leading on to fulfillment. America aided in saving civilization; Americans will not fail civilization in the deliberate advancements of peace. We are willing to give, but we resent demands.

I do not believe, Senators, that it is going to break the heart of the world to make this covenant right, or at least free it from perils which would endanger our own independence. But it were better to witness this rhetorical tragedy than to destroy the soul of this great Republic.

It is a very alluring thing, Senators, to do what the world has never done before. No republic has permanently survived. They have flamed, illumined and advanced the world and then faded or crumbled. I want to be a contributor to the abiding republic. None of us today can be sure that it shall abide for generations to come, but we may hold it unshaken for our day and pass it on to the next generation preserved in its integrity. This is the un-



ending call of duty to men of every civilization; it is distinctly the American call to duty to every man who believes that we have come the nearest to dependable popular government the world has yet witnessed.

Let us have our America walking erect, unafraid, concerned about its rights and ready to defend them, proud of its citizens and committed to defend them, and sure of its ideals and strong to support them.

We are a hundred millions or more today and if the miracle of the first century of national life may be repeated in the second the millions of today will be the myriads of the future.

I like to think, sirs, that out of the discovered soul of the republic and throughout preservative actions in this supreme moment of human progress we shall hold the word "American" the proudest boast of citizenship in all the world.

## AMERICANISM

*By Warren G. Harding*

*Record Number N. F. 16*

The first flaming torch of Americanism was lighted in framing the Federal Constitution in 1787. The Pilgrims signed their simple

and majestic covenant a full century and a half before and set aflame their beacon of liberty on the coast of Massachusetts. Other pioneers of new world freedom were rearing their new standards of liberty from Jamestown to Plymouth for five generations before Lexington and Concord heralded a new era. It was all American in the destined result, yet all of it lacked the soul of nationality. In simple truth, there was no thought of nationality in the Revolution for American independence. The Colonists were resisting a wrong and freedom was their solace. Once it was achieved nationality was the only agency suited to its preservation.

Americanism really began when robed in nationality. The American Republic began the blazed trail of representative popular government. Representative democracy was proclaimed the safe agency of highest human freedom. America headed the forward procession of civil, human and religious liberty which ultimately will effect the liberation of all mankind.

The Federal Constitution is the very base of all Americanism, the Ark of the Covenant of American liberty, the very temple of equal rights. The Constitution does abide and ever will, so long as the Republic survives.

Let us hesitate before we surrender the nationality which is the very soul of highest Americanism. This Republic has never failed humanity nor endangered civilization.

We have been tardy sometimes, like when we were proclaiming democracy and neutrality while we ignored our national rights, but the ultimate and helpful part we played in the great war will be the pride of Americans so long as the world recites the story.

We do not mean to hold aloof, we choose no isolation, we shun no duty. I like to rejoice in an American conscience and in a big conception of our obligations to liberty, justice and civilization. Aye, and more, I like to think of Columbia's helping hand to new republics which are seeking the blessings portrayed in our example. But I have a confidence in our America that requires no council of foreign powers to point the way of American duty. We wish to counsel, cooperate and contribute, but we arrogate to ourselves the keeping of the American conscience and every concept of our moral obligations. It is fine to idealize, but it is very practical to make sure our own house is in perfect order before we attempt the miracle of old-world stabilization.

Call it the selfishness of nationality if you

will, I think it an inspiration to patriotic devotion—

*To safeguard America first,  
To stabilize America first,  
To prosper America first,  
To think of America first,  
To exalt America first,  
To live for and revere America first.*

Let the internationalist dream and the Bolshevik destroy. God pity him "for whom no minstrel raptures swell." In the spirit of the Republic we proclaim Americanism and acclaim America!

## "AMERICANISM"

*By Franklin D. Roosevelt*

*Record Number N. F. 20*

Much has been said of late about good Americanism; it is right that it should have been said, and it is right that every chance should be seized to repeat the basic truths underlying our prosperity and our national existence itself. But it would be an unusual and much to be wished for thing if in the coming presentation of the issues a new note of fairness and generosity could be struck. Littleness, meanness, falsehoods, extreme par-

tisanship—these are not in accord with the American spirit. I like to think that in this respect also we are moving forward.

Let me be concrete. We have passed through a great war—an armed conflict which called forth every resource, every effort on the part of the whole population. The war was won by Republicans as well as Democrats. Men of all parties served in our armed forces. Men and women of all parties served the government at home. They strived honestly as Americans, not as mere partisans. Republicans and Democrats alike worked in administrative positions, raised Liberty Loans, administered food control, toiled in munition plants, built ships. The war was brought to a successful conclusion by a glorious common effort—one which in the years to come will be a national pride. I feel very certain that our children will come to regard our participation as memorable for the broad honor and honesty which marked it, for the absence of unfortunate scandals, and for the splendid unity of action which extended to every portion of the nation. It would, therefore, not only serve little purpose, but would conform ill to our high standards if any person should in the heat of political rivalry seek to manufacture politi-

cal advantage out of a nationally conducted struggle. We have seen things on too large a scale to listen at this day to trifles, or to believe in the adequacy of trifling men.

It is that same vision of the bigger outlook of national and individual life which will, I am sure, lead us to demand that the men who represent us in the affairs of our government shall be more than politicians—that they shall subordinate always the individual ambition and the party advantage to the national good. In the long run the true statesmen and the honestly forward-looking party will prevail.

Even as the Nation entered the war for an idea, so it has emerged from the war with the determination that this ideal shall not die. It is idle to pretend that the Declaration of April 6th, 1917, was a mere act of self defense, or that the object of our participation was solely to defeat the military power of the Central Nations of Europe. We knew then as a Nation, even as we know today, that success on land and sea could be but half a victory. The other half is not won yet. The cry of the French at Verdun: "They shall not pass"; and the cheer of our own men in the Argonne: "We shall go through"—these were essential glories. Yet they are incomplete.

To them we must write the binding finish: "It shall not occur again." For America demands that the crime of war shall cease.

## **"REVISE TAXES"**

*By Wm. G. McAdoo*

*Record Number N. F., 2*

Before the President called the extra session of Congress last May, Republican leaders assured the country that if the President would call them together in Washington, they would settle the railroad problem, the merchant marine question, revise the tax laws, reduce the cost of living, and enact the great constructive legislation which the problems resulting from the war made imperative.

The President obligingly called the extra session, and urged a revision of the war taxes. The Democrats had to put on these taxes to lick the Kaiser. Our gallant doughboys having finished that job, war taxes should now be revised. Has the Republican majority done anything to reduce taxes or to solve any of the great war problems? No. They have simply lain down on the job. If the Republican majority is unable to deal with the tax and war problems, why is it not honest enough to tell

the people so? Under the Constitution, every bill to reduce or revise or impose taxation must originate in the House of Representatives, which is absolutely in the hands of the Republican majority. The responsibility for neglecting to relieve the people of some of these great war burdens rests upon the Republican majority. The President can only recommend. The Republican Congress must legislate to give relief.

The question of taxation touches every home in America. There is no man, woman or child who can escape the relentless tax law. It reaches into every pocket and extracts its share, whether the pocket belongs to the rich or to the poor. While the poor do not pay these taxes directly, they do pay them indirectly because the taxes increase the price of every ounce of food, every pound of coal, every piece of clothing and every article consumed or used by the people. Between the high cost of living and the high load of taxation, the masses are carrying a heavy burden these days, and they have a right to demand that the Republican majority in Congress carry out its promises to give relief.

Instead of trying to reduce the burden of taxation, the Republican Senate has spent its



whole time trying to defeat the plan for a League of Nations, which if organized, will cut down and limit military armaments among all the great powers and will make war remote if not impossible.

If the Senate destroys the League of Nations, then the United States must begin at once to arm on a greater scale than any other nation in the world, because we must be strong enough to meet all comers from the Atlantic, the Pacific or *any* other quarter.

This means a Navy in the Atlantic big enough to overcome the combined Navies of at least three European powers; it means a Navy in the Pacific bigger than Japan's; it means the greatest standing Army we have ever had; and it means possibly universal military training of a million young men every year. This will add at least two billion dollars per annum to our present tax burdens.

Do we want to promote or prevent human slaughter in the future? Do we want to increase or reduce taxation? If we want to promote human slaughter and increase taxation we should defeat the League of Nations. Our war preparations will then necessitate increasing present income taxes at least 50% per annum, to say nothing of a general increase

in every form of Federal taxation. Let us understand the consequences of our entrance on a career of militarism.

If we must abandon the glorious ideals of peace, for which this nation has always stood, we must do so with full knowledge of the fact that the alternative is wholesale preparation for war and the enthronement of armed force as the arbiter of America's destiny and of the world's future fate.

## "DEMOCRATIC ACHIEVEMENT"

*By Champ Clark*

*Record Number N. F. 18*

In the impending campaign we stand proudly on our splendid and unimpeachable record in peace and in war. Anybody save a stark idiot can successfully uphold that record from Alpha to Omega. It is wise, progressive and patriotic. It has raised our country to an exceeding height of glory abroad and to unprecedented prosperity at home. We confidently offer that record to the American people as an earnest of what we will do if continued in power.

Nineteen hundred years ago, by the highest authority, a rule was prescribed for measuring

men and things—"Judge a tree by its fruits"—a good rule, a fair rule. We are willing to be measured by that standard. No brave man, no courageous party will shrink from such a test. We cheerfully and serenely invite it.

In his spectacular oration nominating General Grant at Chicago in 1880, Roscoe Conkling said:

"General Grant's fame rests not alone on things written and things said, but also upon the arduous greatness of things done."

That sentence fits the Democrats like a glove. While in seven years since we came into the possession of the executive and legislative branches of the Government, Democrats have said and written many fine things, our chief claim to the gratitude of our countrymen rests upon "the arduous greatness of things done," both at home and abroad.

For years and years our Republican friends asserted that we did not have the capacity for constructive legislation. They admitted that in the days of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson we did some notable things; but that we have lost the power of initiative and even if entrusted with power we could accomplish nothing. Unfortunately, for a long time the people believed this malicious gibberish, but

in 1912 the American people gave the Democrats another opportunity and under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson we swept the country from sea to sea. At the end of that historic contest we had the Presidency, the Senate by a working majority, and the House by an overwhelming majority. It is only sober truth to say that during the six years in which we controlled both the executive and legislative branches that we put more constructive legislation on the statute books than was put upon the statute books in twenty-four years of Republican control.

A Democratic administration participated gloriously in the most colossal war of all time, and our brave soldiers acting under direction of a Democratic administration brought that war to a successful and glorious conclusion.

Surely the things which we accomplish entitle Democrats to a long lease of power. The outstanding feature of our six years' work is that we accomplished so much in so short a time.

We did it by good team work. The Democratic Congress did its duty. The great Democratic President, Woodrow Wilson, did his duty and on the glorious record thus made we confidently appeal to the voters of the land.

**DEMOCRATS *in the* WORLD WAR*****A. Mitchell Palmer****Record Number N. F. 4*

I do not put our victory in the world war in the proud list of Democratic achievements. Though fought under the leadership of the greatest Democrat since Jefferson and although without the support of his party in every crisis it could not have been brought to a successful and triumphant conclusion. It was the people's war in a peculiar sense.

The patriotic support given the government during the war by men of every political faith proves that passionate love of country and intense devotion to our institutions are part of the creed of every political party in the nation, but I do insist that we shall hear no more of the old slander that the Democratic party can not be trusted to lead in a great war. We may give to individual Americans the full measure of praise which a grateful Republic will always shower upon the men who sprang to the defense with unprecedented valor and unhesitating devotion to its Christian cause, but the impartial historian must and will write it down as an incontrovertible fact that the party in power rose with unstinted

enthusiasm to the needs of the hour while its leadership translated the will and spirit of the American people into decisive and courageous action without which ignominious failure would have been our portion in the Armageddon of the nations. It has never been any reflection upon the courage or the patriotism of the millions of Northern Democrats who followed his leadership.

For history to accord to Abraham Lincoln and the party which he led the full measure of credit which was their due for saving the Union in the dark days of the Civil War; the great Empire on whose dominions the sun never sets gratefully acknowledges that success could not have come to British arms without the superb political leadership of that masterful little Welshman, David Lloyd George; while France rescued from the very jaws of death by the courage of her sons whose blood has colored all the rivers that wash her sunny slopes does honor to the skill of her generals, the courage of her men, and the sacrifice of her women, by acknowledging the chief debt to be due the Old Tiger of France, Clemenceau. Must we forever sit silent under partisan charges of waste, extravagance, or mistake, many of them the necessary accompaniments

of war without any credit for the great and overwhelming results which we achieved? Let history begin to tell the truth *now*, and it will say that the common courage of our men and women, the combined efforts of capital and labor, the joint supports of city and farm, all were welded into an irresistible force by a leadership never surpassed in the history of parliamentary government and that was the leadership which the Democratic party gave to the world when it joined its practical achievements with its high ideals behind Woodrow Wilson. The hard won victory of American arms will prove but a hollow and unavailing triumph if we do not make certain that out of it shall come a greater liberty, a better America, and a surer peace. These three and the greatest of these is peace; for peace means liberty for everyone, peace means America forevermore, and peace means the bright noon-tide of that gloriour day which was ushered in by the Master when He blessed a weary world, "My peace I give unto you. My peace I leave with you."

## “DEMOCRACY’S ACHIEVEMENTS”

*By Robert L. Owen*

*Record Number N. F. 16*

True Democracy is a religion. It is not completely monopolized by the members of the Democratic party. Many of its loyal disciples find themselves affiliated with other parties. Democracy truly believes in the rule of the people, in their wisdom, in their common sense, in their common honesty, in their justice, in their patience and steadfastness, in their right and ability to government themselves. It thinks in terms of the greatest good to the greatest number. Its greatest patron saint was Thomas Jefferson, who stood for freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of opportunity, the education of the people by free schools, the right of every citizen to vote.

Of these principles Jeffersonian Democracy took control of the Government in 1801 and held it for many decades. When the party organization fell under the control of those who believed in human slavery, it passed from power by a revolt of Jeffersonian Democrats, who would not stand for human slavery. They organized a new party and took the name



which the followers of Jefferson had employed in 1800, calling themselves Republicans.

When the wise and kind Lincoln, on the field of Gettysburg, prayed that the Government of the people, for the people, and by the people should not perish from the earth, he voiced the spirit of true democracy throughout the world.

When the Republican Party got control of the Government during the Civil War, every selfish interest that wished to use the power of government for private advantage gradually attached itself to the Republican Party, courted its leaders, became busy in its organization, contributed to its elections, promoted its nominations, and steadily obtained an increasing influence in its management.

When in 1912 after many years, it became obvious that an invisible government of organized commercial and financial selfishness had gained control of the organization of the Republican Party the people of the United States placed in power the regenerated Democratic Party and magnificently the Democratic party has responded to the trust. It has passed fifty great progressive Acts such as the Federal Reserve Act, the Farm Loan Act, the Good Roads Act, the Agricultural Extension

Act, Vocational Instruction, etc. It has organized Dept. Labor, the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, and shown itself by the overwhelming evidence of concrete acts the one great liberal, progressive and truly Democratic Party.

It organized the country for war, passed the great war measures and won the greatest war in history and saved the liberties and civilization of the world.

It took the country in a period of serious depression in 1913—carried it successfully through the great World War and after seven years the country is in a condition of the greatest prosperity. Bank resources have increased from 25 billions to 48 billions, everybody is busy, wages high, trains crowded and hotels overflowing.

Who can have the impudence to question the "Americanism" of the Democratic Party in all these great accomplishments? What is "Americanisms" if it be not the great policies which the Democratic Party have put into execution when it stamped out sedition at home, whipped the Hun abroad, and made America the commercial, financial, and moral leader of all the world, so that all great nations do homage to the United States, and small nations

when they bend their heads in prayer, pray God to bless the American people.

But my countrymen, we are face to face with the immediate future. It is not enough to say what we have done; it is of the greatest importance to say what we shall do. The spirit and purpose, the vision and constructive genius which the Democratic Party has exhibited in the last six years, justifies the faith that this great party can be better relied on than any other party to solve the reconstruction problems following the war.

## PREVENTION of WAR

*By James M. Cox*

*Record Number N. F. 26*

These are fateful times. Organized government has a definite duty all over the world. The house of civilization is to be put in order. The supreme issue of the century is before us and the nation that halts and delays is playing with fire. The finest impulses of humanity, rising above national lines, merely seek to make another horrible war impossible. Under the old order of international anarchy, war came over night and the world was on fire before we knew it. It sickens our senses to think

of another. We saw one conflict into which modern science brought new forms of destruction in great guns, submarines, airships and poison gases. It is no secret that our chemists had perfected, when the contest came to a precipitate close, gases so deadly that whole cities could be wiped out, armies destroyed, and the crews of battleships smothered. The public prints are filled with the opinions of military men that in future wars the method, more effective than gases or bombs, will be the employment of germs of disease, carrying pestilence and destruction. Any nation prepared under these conditions, as Germany was equipped in 1914, could conquer the world in a year.

It is planned now to make this impossible. A definite plan has been agreed upon. The League of Nations is in operation, I am in favor of going in.

This is the supreme test. Shall we act in concert with the free nations of the world in setting up a tribunal which will avert wars in the future? This question must be met and answered honestly and not by equivocation. We must say in language which the world can understand, whether we shall participate in the advancement of a cause which has in it the

hope of peace and world reconstruction or whether we propose to follow the old paths trod by the nations of Europe; paths which always led to fields of blood.

We must say in language which our own people can understand, whether we shall unite with our former Allies to make effective the only plan of peace and reconstruction which has been formulated or whether we propose to play a lone hand in the world and guard our isolation with a huge army and an ever increasing navy, with all the consequent burdens of taxation. I repeat: I am in favor of going in.

## REPUBLICANS *and* DEMOCRATS

*By Samuel Gompers*

The hopes and the truths out of which our great nation had its birth must be sacredly upheld in the coming election by the manhood and the womanhood of our Republic. The one supreme issue is whether liberty shall live, whether our progress towards a higher and better democracy shall be turned into a channel leading to autocracy.

Shall reactionary forces that are seeking to take away the liberties of the people be

entrenched so securely that it would require half a century to restore them?

The voters must determine whom to support and whom to defeat by comparisons of not only the platforms upon which the candidates stand but upon their individual records on all matters of vital interest to our citizenship.

The Republican platform is defiant in its defense of the enemies of labor and of the people. While ignoring the profiteer it proposes an industrial enslavement and an abrogation of rights as precious as life itself. In it the great underlying principles of the rights and interests of the masses of our people and for their advancement and well being find no response. The heritage of the Republican party left by Abraham Lincoln, the great liberator, is abandoned in a platform which embraces every opportunity to strengthen the concepts of tyranny and injustice. It leaves no doubt where the forces of greed and plunder, the profiteers and the autocrats of our political and industrial life will concentrate their support.

But more to be feared is the attitude of the Republican nominee toward beneficial legislation. In his record there is not one constructive measure for the protection and the

promotion of the rights and interests of the masses of our people. Of not one great measure has he been the author. Besides his mental attitude is linked with days gone by. No man as President would be more adapted and willing to carry out the policies of the reactionaries and the Republican bosses who put over his nomination in a hotel-room conference at 2 A. M.

The Democratic platform marks a measure of progress not found in the Republican. Its declarations more nearly approach the principles of human rights.

But more than that Governor Cox, the candidate upon that platform has shown himself possessed of a fuller understanding of the needs of the people, a readier response to their needs and proposals and a broader statesmanship in his public discussions of the problems of the industrial world.

Therefore there can be but one conclusion based upon a careful and impartial survey of the actions and declarations of the two candidates.

We dare make no mistake about what is involved in this campaign. We dare not undervalue the solemn obligation. We must bring decisive defeat to opponents of human

progress and crown with victory the candidacies of those who stand as advocates and defenders of liberty and justice and progress.

## CONFIDENCE *in* GOVERNMENT

*By James M. Cox*

*Record Number N. F. 19*

We desire industrial peace. We want our people to have an abiding confidence in government, but no readjustment made under reactionary auspices will carry with it the confidence of the country. If we were asked to name in these trying days at the first essential overshadowing every other consideration, the response would be confidence in government. It would be nothing less than a calamity if the next administration were elected under corrupt auspices. There is unrest in the country; our people have passed through a trying experience. The European war before it engulfed us, aroused every racial throb in a nation of composite citizenship. The conflict in which we participated carried anxieties into every community and thousands upon thousands of homes were touched by tragedy. The inconveniences incident to the war have been disquieting; the failure of the Republican



Congress to repeal annoying taxes has added to our troubles. The natural impulse is to forget the past, to develop new interests, to create a refreshed and refreshing atmosphere in life. We want to forget war and be free from the troubling thought of its possibility in the future. We want the dawn and the dews of a new morning. We want happiness in the land, the feeling that the square deal among men and government is not to be interfered with by a purchased preference. We want a change from the old world of yesterday where international intrigue, made the people mere pawns on the chessboard of war. We want a change from the old, industrial world where the man who toiled was assured "a full dinner pail" as his only lot and portion.

But how are we to make the change? Which way shall we go? We stand at the forks of the road and must choose which way to follow. One leads to a high citizenship, a freer expression of the individual, and a fuller life for all. The other leads to reaction, the rule of the few over the many and the restrictions of the average man's chances to grow upward. Cunning devices backed by unlimited prodigal expenditures will be used to confuse and to lure. But have an abiding faith that the pitfalls will be avoided and the right road chosen.

The leaders opposed to democracy promise to put the country "back to normal." This can only mean the so-called normal of former reactionary administration, the outstanding feature of which was a pittance for farm produce and a small wage for a long day of labor. My vision does not turn backward to the "normal" desire by the senatorial oligarchy, but to a future in which all shall have a normal opportunity to cultivate a higher stature amidst better environment than that of the past. Our view is toward the sunrise with its progress and its eternal promise of better things. The opposition stands in the skyline of the setting sun, looking backward, to the old days of reaction.

## AMERICA SAFE

*By James W. Gerard*

*Record Number N. F. 10*

If any man is afraid of Bolshevism in America I know how to cure him. Let him visit a few schools. Then let him talk to a few farmers. He will quickly discover that good old-fashioned Americanism is not dead. The farmer, in spite of the fact that he does not get a fair return on the product of his labor, is

faithful to the principles on which this country was founded. School children are still taught the fundamentals of constitutional democracy. As long as this is so we are far from danger of revolution.

Our national life is disturbed because of the high cost of living, industrial unrest, and political conflict. These are temporary problems, if they are handled intelligently.

Anybody has the right to advocate anything whatever except a forcible change in our government by violent means. I know of no greater safety valve than to let a man talk. The dangerous ones are the ones who don't do any talking—at least in public.

The unrest in this country today is psychic as well as industrial. We are in a fair way to cure the latter problem by creating a practical partnership between capital and labor. Both sides realize that there is greater profit in working together than in fighting. Labor will always get more than it has in the past, and that is as it should be. Labor unions are here to stay. The right of collective bargaining and the right to strike to enforce demand must in the future, be taken for granted. Practically everything which labor has won in the last half century has been secured through unions,

which have not been conciliatory, but have fought for what they got. You cannot make men work by threatening them with jail. You cannot govern the country industrially by injunction.

The high cost of living is due to our wasteful system of distribution. Food products pass through too many hands between the farmer and the consumer. Every unnecessary middleman should be eliminated. No one should be allowed to take a profit and thereby increase the cost of a product unless he performs a legitimate service to the consumer.

Another cause for the high cost of living is our present taxation system. The excess profits tax places every business man under an artificial and illogical restraint. If you have a piece of property which has increased in value, and sell it, you are taxed on the profits, with the result that no business man closes any sale nowadays if he can avoid it. Business ought to be as easy to transact as possible, but the present condition is just the reverse. Why should a man embark on a new enterprise to-day? If he does so and loses, *he loses*; if he wins, the government takes nearly all of it away from him, and so he loses anyhow.

In the coming conflict with the Bolsheviki,

the allies need the aid of Germany, which is in a position, geographically and otherwise, to be a strong bulwark against the Russian hordes. It would be a great mistake to destroy Germany. That she should be punished for inaugurating the war goes without saying, but punishment should not mean annihilation.

The Democratic party in office has been a party of achievement. Victory will be ours in the coming election if we will firmly uphold our ideals. Let us restore good will among the nations of the earth and advocate freedom for subject people everywhere. Let us stand for freedom of business and for the freedom and happiness of American homes.

## "THE WORLD WAR"

*By James M. Cox*

*Record Number N. F. 24*

A world war has been fought, historic, unprecedented. For many, many months, civilization hung in the balance. In the despair of dark hours it seemed as though a world dictator was inevitable and that henceforth men and women who had lived in freedom would stand at attention, in the face of the drawn sword of military autocracy. The very soul

of America was touched as never before with a fear that our liberties were to be taken away. What America did, needs no reiteration here. It is known of all men. History will acclaim it—poets will find it an inspiration throughout the ages, and yet there is not a line in the Republican platform that breathes an emotion of pride, or recites our national achievement. In fact, if a man from Mars were to depend upon the Republican platform or its spoken interpretation, by the candidate of that party, as his first means of information, he would not find a syllable telling him that the war had been won, and that America had saved the world. How ungenerous, how ungracious all of this is; how unfair that a mere group of leaders should so demean themselves in the name of the party of Lincoln and McKinley and Roosevelt.

The discourtesy to President Wilson is an affair of intrigue. History will make it odious. As well might it be directed at a wounded soldier of the war. One fell in the trench; the strength of the other was broken in the enormous labors of his office. But others were ignored—the men and women who labored at home with an industry and a skill that words cannot recount! What of the hands that

moved the lathes by day and the needle by night? What of the organizations, superbly effected, that conserved food and fed the world—that carried nourishment to the very front trench in the face of hell's furies—that nursed the wounded back to life—that buried the dead in the dark shelter of the night—that inspired business men and artisans of all parties to work in harmony? What of the millions of men, women and children of all creeds, religious and otherwise, who stood in the ranks as firm as soldiers overseas, undivided by things they once quarreled about. What of the government itself—confirming the faith of our fathers as sufficient to meet the storms of time? Why the sneer at labor with the veiled charge that it was a mere slacker? Republican leaders who have taken charge of their party and nominated its candidates, are no more possessed of the spirit of the hour than they were in 1912 when they precipitated a revolution within the rank and file of a great organization. If further proof were needed, the action of the present congress supplied it. Not a constructive law can be cited. Money and time were wasted in seeking to make a military triumph an odious chapter in history—yet it is significant that after two years of sleuthful

inquiry, there was nothing revealed in that vast enterprise, carrying billions of dollars in expense, upon which they could base even a whisper of dishonesty.

### **“SUMMONS to DUTY”**

*By Homer S. Cummings*

*Record Number N. F. 14*

The war had set a great task for statesmanship. The best thought of the world demanded that a serious attempt be made by the leaders of the allied governments to formulate a Treaty of Peace which would prevent the recurrence of war. Every rightful impulse of the human heart was in accord with that purpose. For the first time in the turbulent annals of the human race, such a project had become feasible. The destruction of militarism, the crumbling of thrones, the dissolution of dynasties, the world-wide appreciation of the inner meaning of war and the final triumph of democracy had at last made it possible to realize the dearest dream of man since the dawn of civilization. We had a right to expect a sympathetic support for such a policy from all patriotic Americans, quite irrespective of political affiliation. At this critical juncture in



human affairs, Republican leadership completely failed. In the face of the greatest problem in the world, Republican leaders saw fit to remember only that they were Republicans.

Many times in history men have had an opportunity to speak for the freedom of a people or a country; but never before, since time began, have statesmen been afforded the opportunity to speak for the freedom of the world.

Let the true purpose of our party be clearly understood. We stand squarely for the same ideals of peace as those for which the war was fought. We do not propose to submit to the whittling down of the Peace Treaty to the vanishing point. We stand without flinching in support of the only feasible plan for justice and peace. We seek to apply the principles of humanity to the problems of the world. We are neither discouraged nor disheartened by the difficulties with which we have to contend. We do not turn our backs upon the history of the last three years.

We seek no avenue of retreat. We insist that the forward course is the only righteous course. We decline to compromise our principles or pawn our immortal souls for selfish purposes. We rely upon the people of Amer-

ica. They are craving for a renewed demonstration of the ideals that are to pervade the processes of world adjustment and domestic relationship. They seek for an expression of their own spirit of liberalism, of the high progressive aspirations which are astir everywhere throughout the world.

Our cause constitutes a summons to duty. We seek to re-establish the fruits of victory, to reinstate the good faith of our country, and to restore it to its rightful place among the nations of the earth. To lose an election fighting for such a faith is not defeat—it is a triumph that carried with it the immortal garland of victory. But we shall not fail. The heart of America stirs again. The ancient faith revives. The immortal part of man speaks for us. The services of the past, the sacrifices of the war, the hopes of the future, constitute a spiritual force gathering about our banners. We shall release again the checked forces of civilization and America shall take up once more the leadership of the world.

## “TRIBUTE to PRESIDENT WILSON”

*By Homer S. Cummings*

*Record Number N. F. 14*

Republican leaders have been moved by a strange and inexplicable jealousy of the Pres-

ident. Their feverish animosity, expressed in gross abuse and through secret intrigue, has been productive of one of the most unhappy chapters in American history, recalling the similar experiences of Lincoln and Washington. Political malice followed the President to the Peace Table. Every device which partisanship could develop, was employed for the purpose of weakening the influence of our Commission at Paris and making the task there still more difficult.

The President made every sacrifice, even of health itself, for the cause of peace. The long continued strain in composing differences abroad; the expenditure of nervous vitality and intellectual force in building a new order of human relationship upon the ruins of the old, laid heavy toll upon his reserve powers. Then came the return in triumph, only to find here a widespread propaganda of opposition, making it imperative that he take up in his own country a struggle for the preservation of that which had been won at such incalculable cost.

Following the superhuman labors of seven years of unexampled service, this meant the wreck of his health, sickness for months upon a bed of pain, and worse than the physical

sickness, the sickness of heart which comes from the knowledge that political adversaries, lost to the larger sense of things, are savagely destroying not merely the work of men's hands, but the world's hope of settled peace. This was the affliction—this the crucifixion.

As he lay stricken in the White House the great hand of malice knocked and knocked upon the door of the sick chamber. The enemies of the President upon the floor of the Senate repeated every slander that envy could invent, and they could scarcely control the open manifestation of their glee when the Great Man was stricken at last. The Congress was in session for months while the President lay in the White House, struggling with a terrifying illness and many times at the point of death. He had been physically wounded just as surely as were Garfield and McKinley and Lincoln, for, it is but a difference of degree between fanatics and partisans. The Congress, during all this period, when the whole heart of America ought to have been flowing out in love and sympathy, did not find time, amid their bickerings, to pass one resolution of generous import or extend one kindly inquiry as to the fate of the President of their own country. In one sense, it is quite imma-

terial what people say about the President. Nothing we can say can add or detract from the fame that will flow down the unending channels of history. Generations yet unborn will look back to this era and pay their tribute of honor to the man who led a people through troublous ways out of the valleys of selfishness up to the mountain tops of achievement and honor and there showed them the promised land of freedom and safety and fraternity. Whether history records that they entered in or turned their backs upon the vision, it is all one with him—he is immortal.

### “LOYALTY”

*By Bainbridge Colby*

*Record Number N. F. 8*

It is important that we should constantly keep before us the duty of inculcating in the minds of our citizens from over-seas the true meaning and significance of America, and the high duty that rests upon every generation to sustain our blessed institutions and to transmit them to posterity strengthened and unimpaired.

The test of good citizenship is loyalty to country, and one cannot discharge the duty of

loyalty without a patient and an open-minded study of the institutions that mark the country and define its character.

America stands for individual liberty. But that means an ordered liberty, a liberty subject to law and subordinate to the common welfare.

The social and industrial structure of America is founded upon an enlightened citizenship. This pre-supposes education. Americanism demands loyalty to the teacher and respect for his lessons. I am deeply concerned with the diminution of the teaching strength of the country as a result of the disproportionately low salaries that are paid to teachers throughout the country. We must look to this right promptly. It is a condition that must not be suffered to continue.

Loyalty to America means loyalty to her chosen servants, from President down. We must stifle the voice of hatred and faction. We must realize that there is not a man who holds office except as a result of the free choice of our citizens. It is a high patriotic duty that we should support and sustain the men who have been placed in positions of difficulty, burden, responsibility and even danger, as the result of our suffrages.

That does not mean that we must forego just and fair criticism, or refrain from opposition to policies which are debatable or which do not command our approval. An intelligent and conscientious opposition is a part of loyalty to country, but we must not, if we are loyal, disperse our energies in a partisan warfare that is waged without regard to its consequences to the well-being, security and honor of the country.

We must be loyal to the form of government. Under it we have grown in numbers, wealth and national influence.

We must be loyal to the words that have come down to us from the past, bequeathed by Americans who have lived great lives in the service of America.

Loyalty to America requires that we should preserve a friendly and encouraging and sympathetic good will toward our day and generation. Like pictures, men should be judged by their merits and not by their defects. Loyalty will not permit envy, hate and uncharitableness to creep into our public thinking.

Thus only in a hopeful and confident temper, in a proud and constructive spirit, will we rescue the present and safeguard the future of our beloved country. The times call loudly

to each of us for loyalty—loyalty of purpose, loyalty of thought, loyalty of effort, and the loyalty of patience.

### “SAFEGUARD AMERICA!”

*By Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Sister  
of Late President Roosevelt*

*Record Number N. F. 18*

I am behind Senator Harding and Governor Coolidge for President and Vice-President of the United States for two reasons—first, because they are the nominees of the Republican Party, and secondly because I believe them to be 100 per cent Americans—of proved patriotism who have not failed to show marked efficiency and ability in public office. I am one who believes that the Republican Party and the Democratic Party have different ideals and I believe that the issues of the two parties are not as blurred and as indistinguishable as is sometimes said to be the case.

The Republican Party is the party of concrete nationalism as opposed to the hazy internationalism of the Democratic Party.

The Republican Party preached preparedness when the Democratic Party, influenced by *its* President—mind you I say the President



of the Democratic Party and not of the whole United States,—was “keeping us out of war”—keeping us out of war until he was re-elected President!

We need the Republican Party in office during the hard days to come when there must be the upbuilding and rebuilding of our nation—we need preparedness for days of peace, and against the always possible dangers of war. Shall we choose again the party which blindly turned from the right, and in so doing dragged down the prestige of America and brought on our nation unbearable criticism and deplorable confusion?

Fellow Citizens, we are at the turning of the ways. Theodore Roosevelt said in October 1916, “I demand at this election that each citizen shall think of America first.” Who, now, does not regret that the country did not respond to this demand? Let us, the Republican Party, again make this demand.

Senator Harding stood for a League of Nations with strong Americanizing Reservations as Theodore Roosevelt did,—he also stood with the Senate in passing the Resolution which would have enabled Theodore Roosevelt to lead a Division into France when the morale of France and of America was at a low ebb,

and Senator Harding in making the memorial address on Theodore Roosevelt before the Ohio Joint Legislative Assembly in January 1919, said "Colonel Roosevelt was the great patriotic sentinel, pacing the parapet of the Republic, alert to danger and every menace, and in love with duty and service, and always unafraid."

Those words of our Presidential nominee in admiration of my great brother are almost a promise of what his own attitude will be. Let us stand behind him, looking forward and onward as Theodore Roosevelt would have done, and let us strive with might and main to put our beloved country in the safe keeping of Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge.

## SAVE AMERICA

*By Nicholas Murray Butler*

*Record Number N. F. 9*

In the approaching contest the nation faces a crisis. Fundamental principles are involved. Shall the America of our fathers with its Republican form of government, its principles of Civil liberty, and its whole democratic social and industrial order be maintained for a new period of constructive progress, or shall it be

abandoned for some new and untried experiment? This is not the first crisis in the history of the Republic. It is not the first time that the principles for which the Republican Party stands have been called upon to save the country from its enemies.

There are elements in our population which teach doctrines that sound strange to the American ear.

The present crisis is brought about by those who have lost faith in America, who no longer believe in or who do not understand the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States; who would turn their backs upon a Republican form of government in order to set up in its place a system of control by a privileged class. Such men frankly proclaim their preference for the political philosophy of Lenine and Trotzky to that of Washington, Hamilton, Webster and Lincoln.

Once let the American people understand the issue and they will rise in their might to overwhelm the enemies of America.

The issue is the preservation of the American form of government with its incomparable blessing of liberty under the law.

The Republican party must lead the way!

I like to recall the splendid acts, the stupendous achievements of America under the leadership of its constructive forces.

Take the names that have interwoven their teachings and their lives with the name and the fame of our Republic through the medium of the principles of the Republican party; strike them out and what becomes of American history?

You cannot take out of the story of America these names. You cannot take out of the story of America their achievements. You cannot take out of the story of America their record. It is our duty to strive to be worthy of their example, of their counsel, and of *our* opportunity.

The question to be settled by the people this year is whether the American nation shall remain upon its foundations of ordered liberty and free opportunity, or whether there will arise in its stead a social democracy, autocracy's best friend, to take over the management of each individual's life and business, to order his comings and his goings, to limit his occupations and his savings, and to say that the great experiment of Washington and Hamilton, of Jefferson and Madison, of Marshall and Webster, of Adams and Clay, and of

Lincoln and Roosevelt has come to an end, and gone to join the list of failures in free government with the ancient republics of Greece and Rome and their later followers of Venice and Genoa.

Our nation will not divide. Under the leadership and guidance of the Republican party it will become all American!

### *The LEAGUE of NATIONS*

*By Henry Cabot Lodge*

*Record Number N. F. 1*

I am as anxious as any human being can be to have the United States render every possible service to the civilization and the peace of mankind, but I am certain we can do it best by not putting ourselves in leading strings or subjecting our policies and our sovereignty to other nations. The independence of the United States is not only more precious to ourselves but to the world than any single possession. Look at the United States today. We have made mistakes in the past. We have had shortcomings. We shall make mistakes in the future and fall short of our own best hopes. But none the less is there any country today on the face of the earth which can com-

pare with this in ordered liberty, in peace and in the largest freedom? I feel that I can say this without being accused of undue boastfulness, for it is the simple fact, and in taking on these obligations all that we do is in a spirit of unselfishness and in a desire for the good of mankind. But it is well to remember that we are dealing with nations every one of which has a direct individual interest to serve, and there is grave danger in an unshared idealism. Contrast the United States with any country on the face of the earth today and ask yourself whether the situation of the United States is not the best to be found. I will go as far as anyone in world service, but the first step to world service is the maintenance of the United States. You may call me selfish, if you will, conservative or reactionary, or use any other harsh adjective you see fit to apply; but an American I was born, an American I have remained all my life. I can never be anything else but an American, and I must think of the United States first, and when I think of the United States first in an arrangement like this I am thinking of what is best for the world, for if the United States fails the best hopes of mankind fail with it. I have never had but one allegiance—I cannot divide it now. I have

loved but one flag and I can not share that devotion and give affection to the mongrel banner invented for a league. Internationalism, illustrated by the Bolshevik and by the men to whom all countries are alike, provided they can make money out of them, is to me repulsive. National I must remain and in that way I, like all other Americans, can render the amplest service to the world. The United States is the world's best hope, but if you fetter her in the interests and quarrels of other nations, if you tangle her in the intrigues of Europe, you will destroy her power for good and endanger her very existence. Leave her to march freely through the centuries to come as in the years that have gone. Strong, generous and confident, she has nobly served mankind. Beware how you trifle with your marvelous inheritance, this great land of ordered liberty,—for if we stumble and fall, freedom and civilization everywhere will go down in ruin.

### **"LAW and ORDER"**

*By Calvin Coolidge*

*Record Number F. F. 7*

It is pre-eminently the province of government to protect the weak. The average citizen

does not lead the life of independence that was his in former days under a less complex order of society. When a family tilled the soil and produced its own support it was independent. It may be infinitely better off now but it is evident it needs protection which before was not required. Let Massachusetts continue to regard with the gravest solicitude the well-being of her people. By prescribed law, by authorized publicity, by informed public opinion let her continue to strive to provide that all conditions under which her citizens live are worthy of the high estate of man. Healthful housing, wholesome food, sanitary working conditions, reasonable hours, a fair wage for a fair day's work, opportunity full and free, justice speedy and impartial and at a cost within the reach of all, are among the objects not only to be sought but made absolutely certain and secure. Government is not, must not be, a cold impersonal machine, but a human and more human agency, appealing to the reason, satisfying the heart, full of mercy, assisting the good, resisting the wrong, delivering the weak from any impositions of the powerful.

This is not paternalism. It is not servitude imposed from without, but the freedom of a righteous self-direction from within.



Industry must be humanized not destroyed. It must be the instrument not of selfishness but of service. Change not the law but the attitude of the mind. Let our citizens look not to false prophets but to the Pilgrims; let them fix their eyes on Plymouth Rock as well as Beacon Hill. The supreme choice must be not the things that are seen but the things that are unseen.

Our government belongs to the people. Our property belongs to the people. It is distributed. They own it. The taxes are paid by the people. They bear the burdens. The benefits of government must accrue to the people; not to one class but to all classes, to all the people. The functions, the power, the sovereignty of the government must be kept where they have been placed by the Constitution and laws of the people. Not private will, but that public will, which speaks with a divine sanction, must prevail.

There are strident voices urging resistance to law in the name of freedom. They are not seeking freedom for themselves—they have it; they are seeking to enslave others. Their works are evil. They know it. They must be resisted. The evil they represent must be overcome by the good others represent. These

ideas which are wrong, for the most part imported, must be supplanted by ideas which are right. This can be done.

The meaning of America is a power which cannot be overcome. Massachusetts must lead in teaching it. Prosecution of the criminal and education of the ignorant are the remedies.

It is fundamental that freedom is not to be secured by disobedience to law. Even the freedom of the slave depended on the supremacy of the Constitution. There is no mystery about this. "They who sin are the servants of sin." They who break the laws are the slaves of their own crime. It is not for the advantage of others that the citizen is abjured to obey the laws, but for his own advantage. What he claims a right to do to others, that must he admit others have a right to do to him. His obedience is his own protection. He is not submitting himself to the dictates of others, but responding to the requirements of his own nature. Laws are not manufactured, they are not imposed; they are rules of action existing from everlasting to everlasting. He who resists them resists himself; he commits suicide. The nature of man requires sovereignty. Government must govern. To obey is life. To

disobey is death. Organized government is the expression of the life of the Commonwealth. Into your hand is entrusted the grave responsibility of its protection and perpetuation.

## EQUAL RIGHTS

*By Calvin Coolidge*

*Record Number N. F. 17*

July 4, 1776, was the historic day on which representatives of three millions of people vocalized Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, which gave notice to the world that they proposed to establish an independent nation on the theory that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The wonder and glory of the American people is not the ringing declaration of that day, but the action, then already begun, and in the process of being carried out in spite of every obstacle that war could interpose, making the theory of freedom and equality a reality. We revere that day because it marks the beginnings of independence, the beginnings of a constitution that was finally to give universal freedom and equality to all American citizens,

the beginnings of a government that was to recognize beyond all others the power and worth and dignity of man. There began the first of governments to acknowledge that it was founded on the sovereignty of the people. There the world first beheld the revelation of modern democracy.

Democracy is not a tearing down; it is a building up. It is not denial of the divine right of kings; it supplements that claim with the assertion of the divine right of all men. It does not destroy; it fulfills. It is the consummation of all theories of government, to the spirit of which all the nations of the earth must yield. It is the great constructive force of the ages. It is the alpha and omega of man's relation to man, the beginning and the end.

There is and can be no more doubt of the triumph of democracy in human affairs than there is of the triumph of gravitation in the physical world; the only question is how and when. Its foundation lays hold upon eternity.

It is unconcerned with idolatry or despotism or treason or rebellion or betrayal, but bows in reverence before Moses or Hampden or Washington or Lincoln or the Light that shone on Calvary.

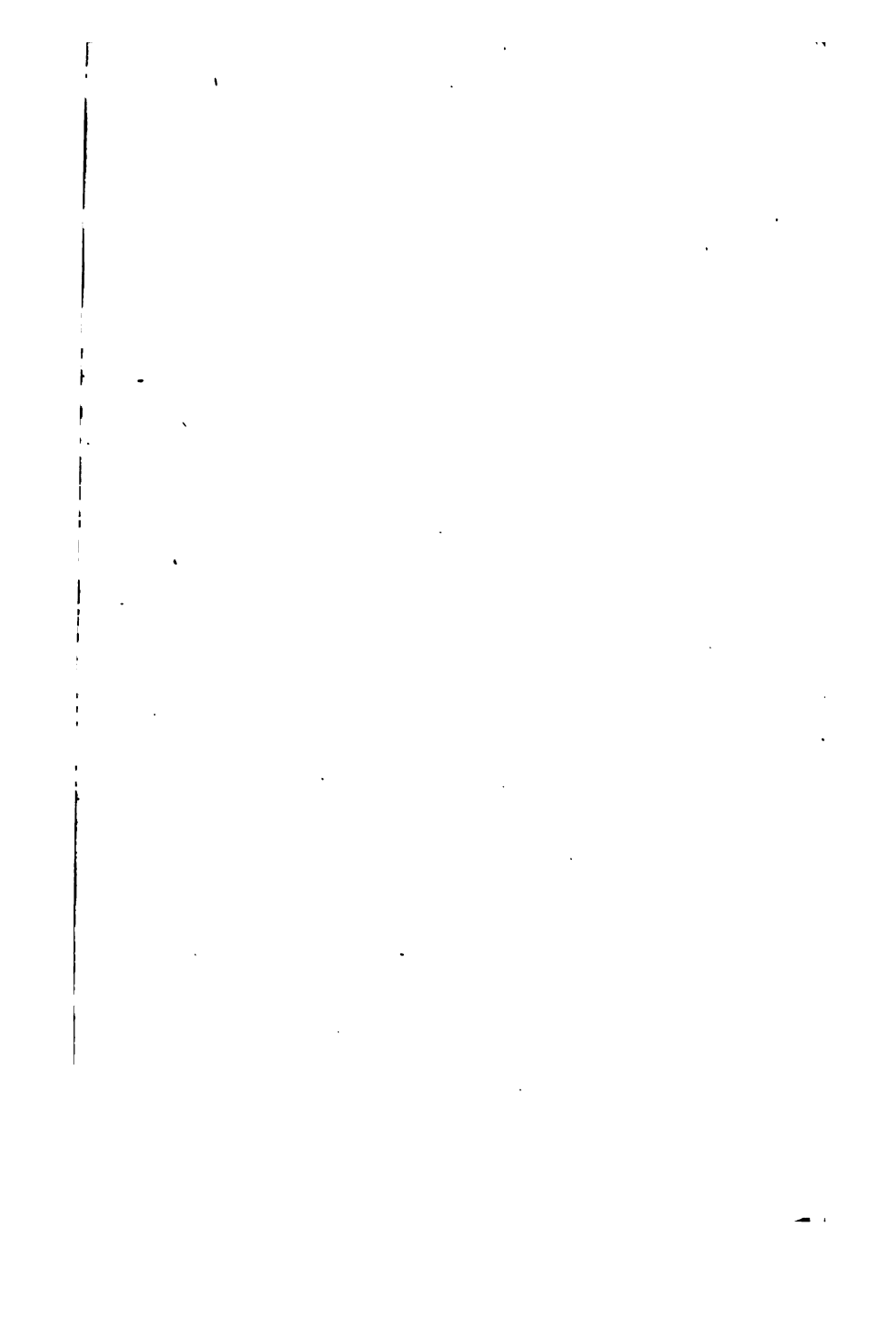
The doctrine of the Declaration of Inde-

pendence, predicated upon the glory of man and the corresponding duty of society is that the rights of citizens are to be protected with every power and resource of the State, and a government that does any less is false to the teachings of that great document, false to the name American.

The assertion of human rights is naught but a call to human sacrifice. This is yet the spirit of the American people. Only so long as this flame burns shall we endure and the light of liberty be shed over the nations of the earth. May the increase of the years increase for America only the devotion of this spirit, only the intensity of this flame, and the eternal truth of Lowell's lines:

"What were our lives without thee?  
What all our lives to save thee?  
We reck not what we gave thee;  
We will not dare to doubt thee,  
But ask whatever else and we will dare."





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